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THE
CHILD'S WORLD

FIRST READER

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THE CHILD'S WORLD

FIRST READER

BY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY RHODA CAMPBELL CHASE

RHODA CHASE

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1920

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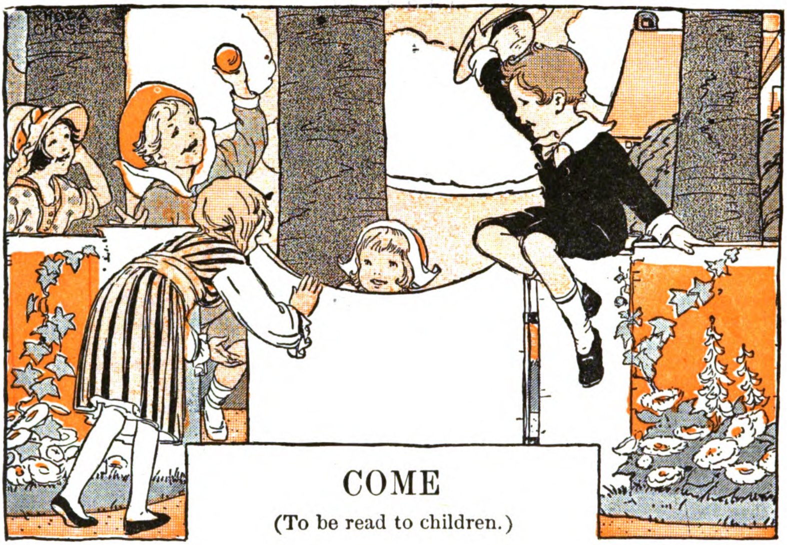
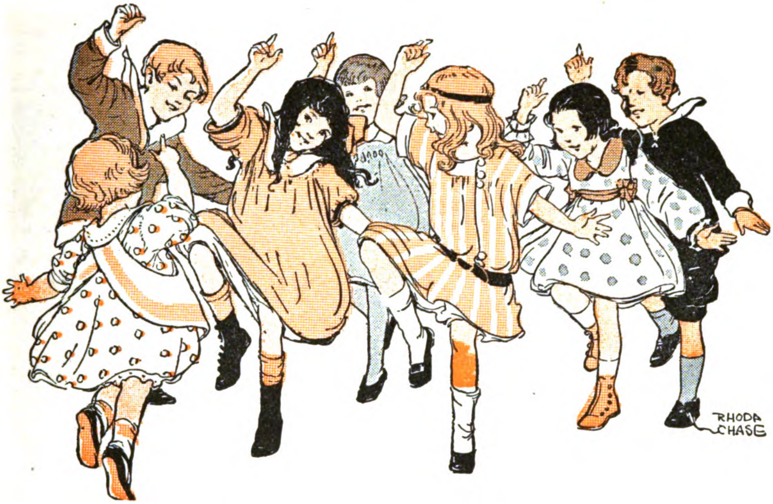


COME

(To be read to children.)

Come with a shout,
Come with a call,
Come with happy faces all.
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh
And play and sing.
Come with a shout,
Come with a call,
Come with merry faces all.



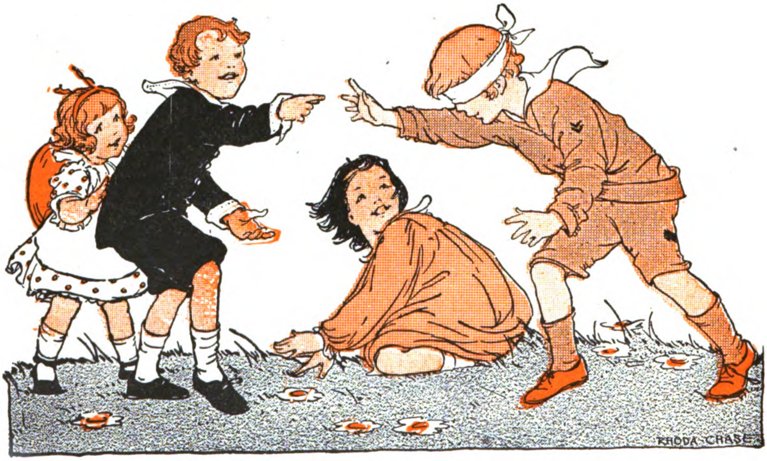
DID YOU EVER SEE A LASSIE

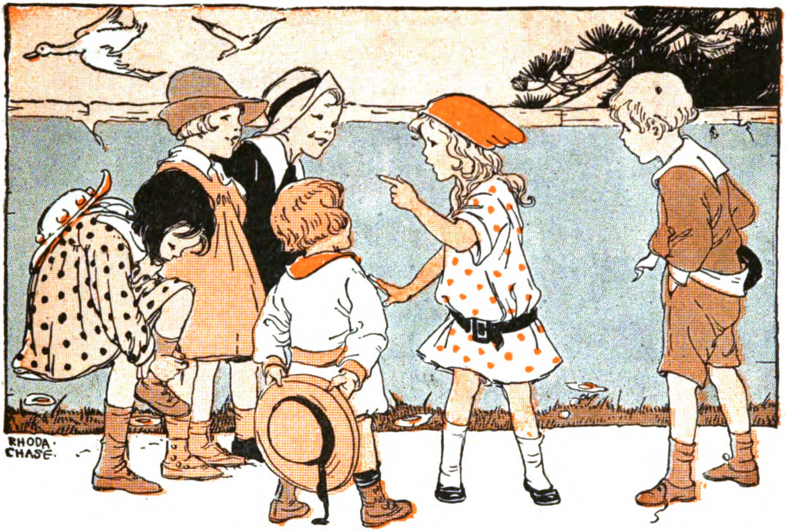
Did you ever see a lassie,
a lassie, a lassie,
Did you ever see a lassie
Do this way and that?
Do this way, and that way,
Do this way, and that way,
Did you ever see a lassie
Do this way and that?

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

Blind man, blind man,
Oh, you can't see!
Turn round three times,
And try to catch me.

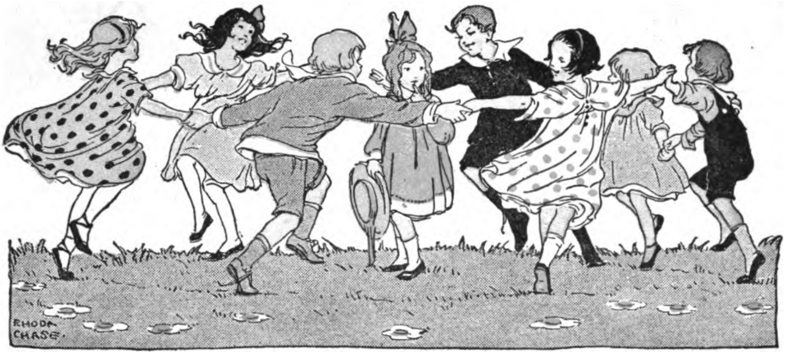
Turn east, turn west,
Catch as you can.
Did you think you'd caught me,
Blind, blind man?





COUNTING-OUT RIME

Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Three geese in a flock,
One flew east,
One flew west,
And one flew
Over the cuckoo's nest.
O–U–T, out goes he.



THE MULBERRY BUSH

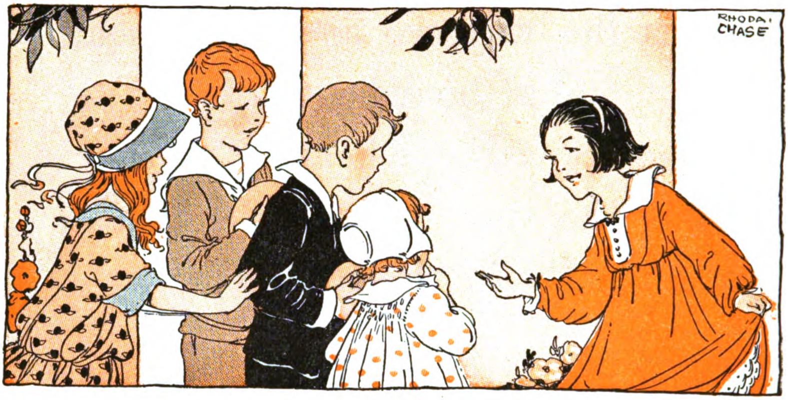
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush.
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we plow the ground,
Plow the ground,
Plow the ground.
This is the way we plow the ground,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we sow the wheat,
Sow the wheat,
Sow the wheat.
This is the way we sow the wheat,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we cut the wheat,
Cut the wheat,
Cut the wheat.
This is the way we cut the wheat,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we go to mill,
Go to mill,
Go to mill.
This is the way we go to mill,
So early in the morning.



ELLEN'S PARTY

Ellen had a party.

Kitty and May were there.

Jack and Tom were there.

Jack said, "What shall we play?"

"Kitty, tell us what to play first," said Ellen.

Kitty said, "Let us play
'Did You Ever See a Lassie?'"

"Good!" cried Ellen.

"You may be the lassie.

We will all sing,
and we will do what you do."

Then the children sang,

"Did you ever see a lassie,
a lassie, a lassie,
Did you ever see a lassie
Do this way and that?
Do this way, and that way,
Do this way, and that way,
Did you ever see a lassie
Do this way and that?"

"A boy must be in the middle of the ring this time," said Ellen.

"Tom may be in the middle, and we must do what he does.

This time we must sing,
'Did you ever see a laddie?'"

"What shall we play next?" asked Ellen.

May said, "Let us play 'Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush.'"

"Yes, let us play that," said Ellen. "You may be in the middle of the ring, May."

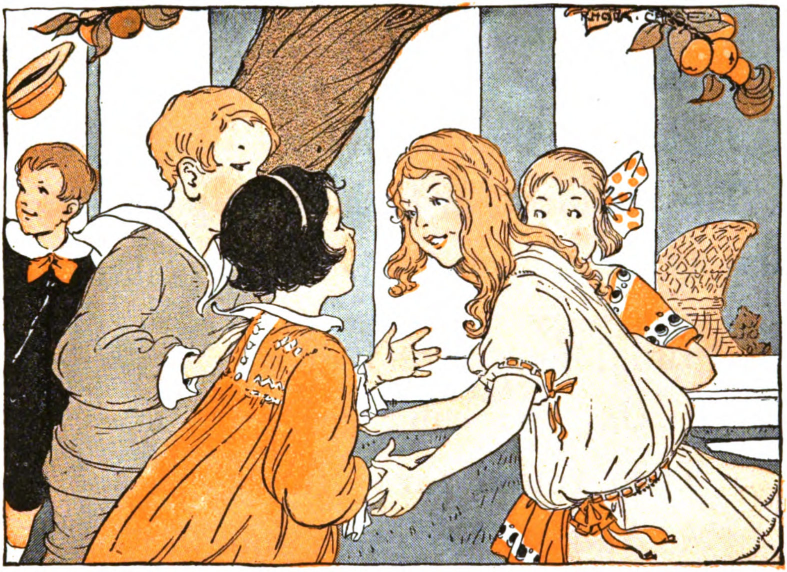
Then the children sang,

"Here we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush.
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
So early in the morning."

The children played other games.

Then Ellen's mother gave them cake and ice cream.

Soon the children went home.



KITTY'S PARTY

Kitty had a party the next day.
May and Ellen were there.
Tom and Jack were there.
The children played
"Did You Ever See a Lassie?"
They played "Here We Go
Round the Mulberry Bush."

Then Jack said he wished to play "Blind Man's Buff."

Jack was the blind man.

The children would run up to him and cry,

"Blind man, blind man,
Oh, you can't see!
Turn round three times,
And try to catch me.

Turn east, turn west,
Catch as you can.
Did you think you'd caught me,
Blind, blind man?"

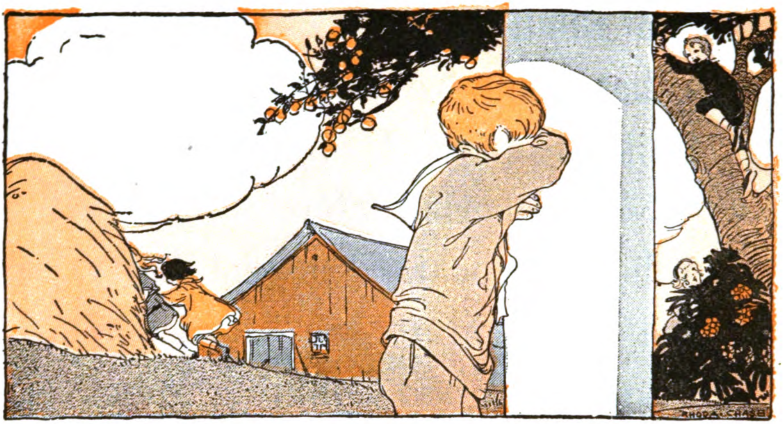
But Jack did catch Tom, and he guessed who he was.

Then Tom was the blind man.

Soon Ellen said,
"What shall we play now, Kitty?"
"I like to play 'I Spy,'" said Kitty.
"So do I," cried Tom.
"Who will be *it?*" asked Kitty.
"Let us count to see," said Ellen.
"I know a good counting rime."
Then she said,

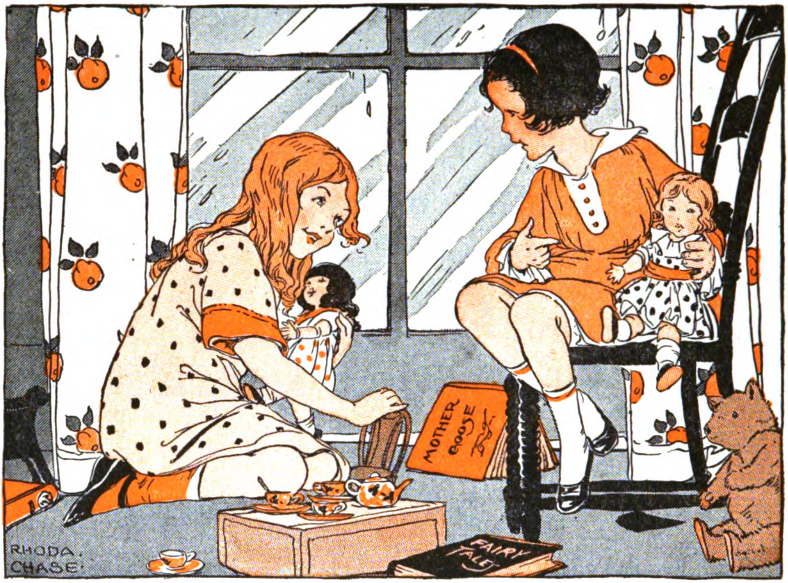
"Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Three geese in a flock,
One flew east,
One flew west,
And one flew
Over the cuckoo's nest.
O–U–T, out goes he."

And she counted out all but Tom.
So Tom was *it*.



He said, "Run and hide.
I shall count to ten.
One—two—three—four—five—
six—seven—eight—nine—ten!
Ready?"
"Not ready!" cried Jack.
"Not ready!" cried Ellen.
"Not ready!" cried May.
"Not ready!" cried Kitty.
"Well, I shall count again,"
said Tom.

"One — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight — nine — ten!
Ready or not,
You'll now be caught.
Ready or not,
You'll now be caught.
I spy Ellen by the haystack.
I spy Jack up in the tree.
I spy Kitty behind that bush.
Where is May?"
"Home," cried little May.
"I got home."
Just then Kitty's mother came out.
She gave the children
cake and ice cream.
Soon they all said, "Good-by,"
and went home.


RHODA CHASE
MOTHER GOOSE
FAIRY TALES

A RAINY DAY

It was raining.

Ellen and Kitty were playing with their dolls.

Ellen was playing with Mary Ann.

Kitty was playing with Eliza Jane.

Tom and Jack were playing in the barn.

Ellen let Mary Ann fall from a chair.

Oh, what a fall it was!

"My poor doll! My poor doll!" cried Ellen.

"Her head has come off.

What shall I do?"

"Put her to bed," said mother.

"Then get a doctor and a nurse."

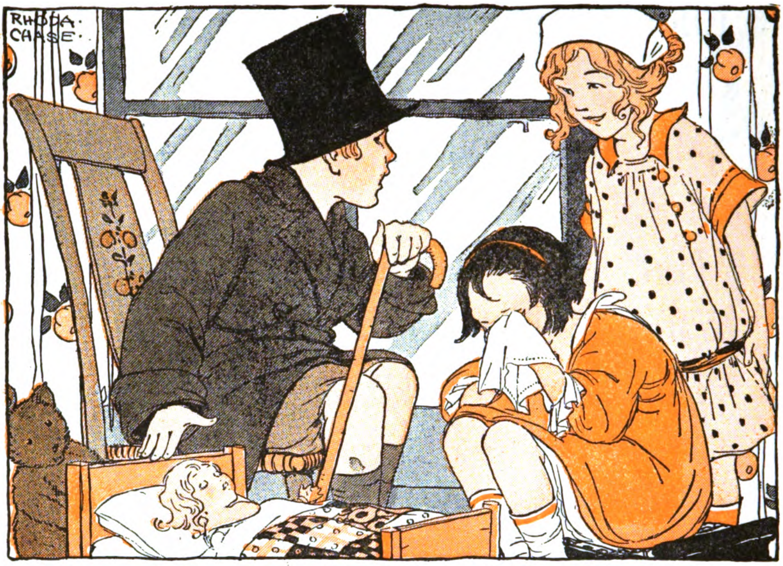
"What doctor shall I get?" asked Ellen.

"Tom is a good doctor for dolls. I will call him," said mother.

"And I will be the nurse," said Kitty.

So mother went for Doctor Tom, and Ellen put Mary Ann to bed.

Kitty put on a nurse's cap.



Soon Doctor Tom came in
with his cane and his hat.

Ellen was crying.

Doctor Tom looked at Mary Ann.

"Don't cry, Mrs. Ellen," he said.

"I can put your doll's head on,
but I must have some glue.

Go for some glue, Nurse Kitty."

Nurse Kitty went for the glue.

She soon came back with it.

Then she and Doctor Tom
went to work.

Soon the doll was as good as new.

"She will have to be still
for a day or two," said Doctor Tom.

"Yes, Doctor Tom," said Nurse Kitty.

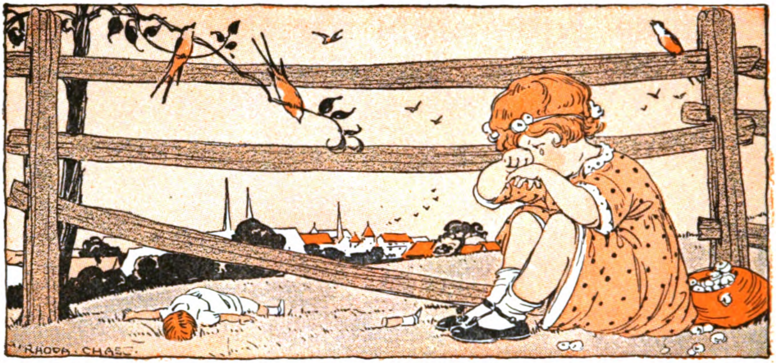
"Good day, Nurse Kitty
and Mrs. Ellen," said Doctor Tom.

"Good day, Doctor Tom,"
said Nurse Kitty.

"Good day, Doctor Tom,"
said Mrs. Ellen.

Then Doctor Tom took his cane
and his hat.

And he went away
with a rat-a-tat-tat.



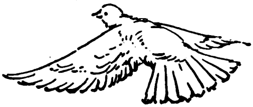
THE BROKEN DOLL

All the bells were ringing,
All the birds were singing,
When Molly sat down crying
  For her broken doll.

O you silly Moll!
Sobbing and sighing
  For a broken doll,
When all the bells are ringing,
And all the birds are singing.

— Christina Rossetti.

THE WHITE PIGEON

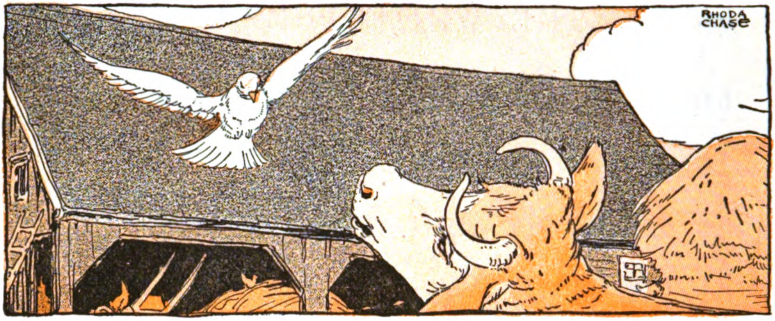


Once there was a white pigeon.
It had strong wings.
It could fly and fly.
It could fly

Up on the house tops,
Across the blue sky.

One day the pigeon flew
to the barn.
It saw the white cow.
"Coo, coo! Coo, coo!" it said.
"See my pretty wings!
Don't you wish you had wings?
You could fly and fly

Up on the house tops,
Across the blue sky."



"Moo, moo! No, no!" said the cow.
"Farmer Brown would have no milk.
His wife would have no milk.
The children would have no milk.
Moo, moo! No wings for me! No, no!"

The pigeon flew to the white sheep.
"Coo, coo! Coo, coo!" it said.
"See my pretty wings.
Don't you wish you had wings?
You could fly and fly
Up on the house tops,
Across the blue sky."

"Baa, baa! No, no," said the sheep.
"Farmer Brown would have no wool.
His wife would have no wool.
The children would have no wool.
My wool keeps them warm.
Baa, baa! No wings for me!"

The pigeon flew to the hen.
"Coo, coo! Coo, coo!" it said.
"Don't you wish you could fly?
You could fly and fly

Up on the house tops,
Across the blue sky."

"Cluck, cluck! No, no!" said the hen.
"Farmer Brown would have no eggs.
His wife would have no eggs.
The children would have no eggs.
Cluck, cluck! No wings for me!"

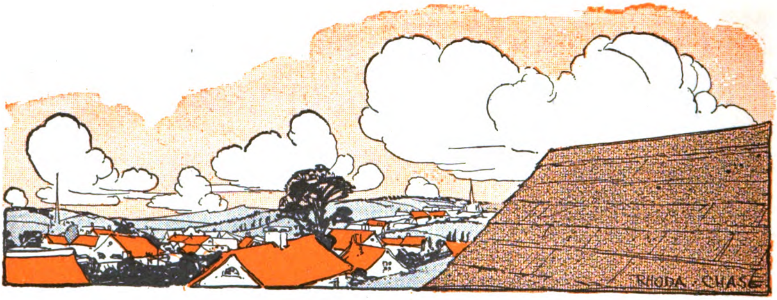
"Coo, coo! are you all happy?" asked the pigeon.

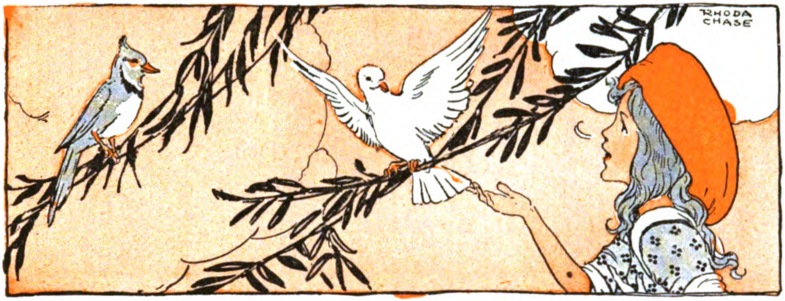
"Moo, moo! Yes, yes!" cried the cow.

"Baa, baa! Yes, yes!" cried the sheep.

"Cluck, cluck! Yes, yes!" cried the hen.

"Coo, coo! I, too," cried the pigeon.
"And away I will fly
Up on the house tops,
Across the blue sky."





STRANGE LANDS

Where do you come from, Mr. Jay?

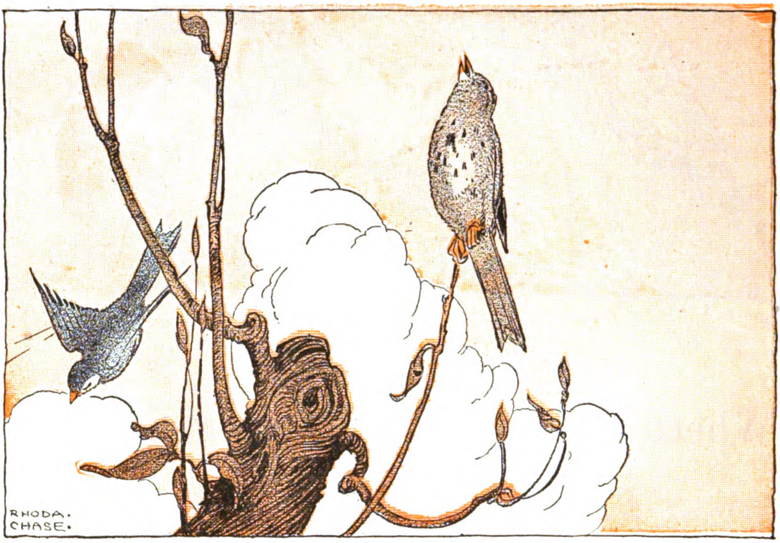
From the land of play,
From the land of play.
Where is that, Mr. Jay?
Far away, far away.

Where do you come from, Mrs. Dove?

From the land of love,
From the land of love.

How do you get there, Mrs. Dove?
Look above, look above.

— ALMA-TADEMA.



THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD

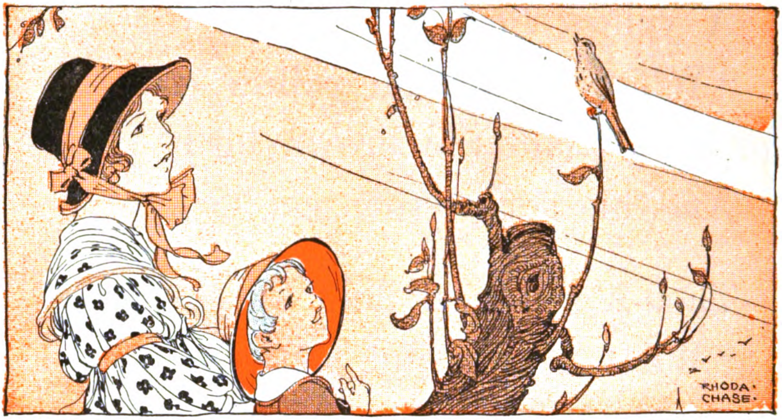
A little brown bird sat in a tree.
The little bird sang and sang.
He was very happy.

A blue bird flew by.
"What a beautiful blue coat he has!" said the brown bird.
But he sang on.

A yellow bird flew by.
"What a beautiful yellow coat he has!" said the brown bird.
And his song grew sad.

Then a red bird flew by.
"What a beautiful red coat he has!" said the brown bird.
And he did not sing again.

A soft wind came by.
"Why are you sad, little bird?" it asked.
"Oh, dear!" said the little bird.
"The other birds have pretty coats.
Some have yellow coats, and some have blue coats.
But I have only a brown coat.
I wish to be beautiful, too."



"Look up, little bird, look up,"
said the wind.
"Look up and sing.
Not many birds can sing
as you can.
Be happy and sing."
"Thank you, kind wind,"
said the little bird.
"I will look up and sing."
And the little bird did sing.
He sang over and over again.

A mother and her little boy
came by.

They stopped to listen
to the beautiful song.

"The song sparrow is not beautiful,"
said the boy.

"No, he is not," said the mother,
"but he has a beautiful voice.

Of all the birds I love him best.

His song always makes me happy."

The little brown bird heard
what she said.

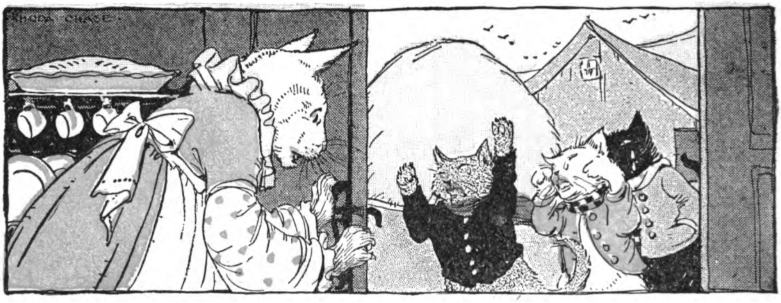
How happy he was!

Away he flew

"Up over the house tops
Across the blue sky."

And he was never sad again.

—Frances W. Danielson.



THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens
Lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens."

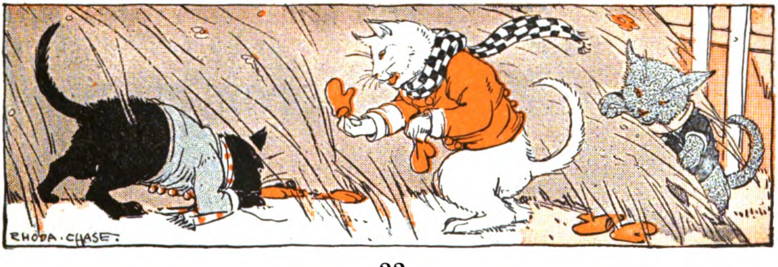
"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"
"No, you shall have no pie."

Three little kittens
Found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mother dear,
See here, see here!
See! we have found our mittens."

"Found your mittens!
You dear, dear kittens!
Then you shall have some pie."

"Purr, purr, purr!
Oh, let us have some pie.
Purr, purr, purr!"

— Nursery Rime.



Kitty Gray: I have lost my mittens.
Kitty Black: I have lost my mittens.
Kitty White: And I have lost my mittens.
What shall we do?

Kitty Gray: We must tell mother.
Kitty Black: Yes, we must tell mother.
Kitty White: Yes, we must tell mother.

All: Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!

Mother: Why do you cry, my kittens?

Kitty Gray: We have lost our mittens.

Mother: Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.

All: Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!

Mother: You are naughty kittens.
You shall have no pie.

Kitty Gray: Let us look for our mittens.
Kitty Black: Yes, we must look for them.
Kitty White: Where shall we look?
Kitty Gray: Look in the house.
Kitty Black: I looked in the house.
They are not there.

Kitty Gray: Look in the barn.
Kitty White: I looked in the barn.
They are not there.

Kitty Gray: Did you look in the meadow?
Kitty Black: No, I did not look there.
Kitty White: No, I did not look there.
Kitty Gray: Let us look in the meadow.

Kitty Black: Oh, I see my mittens!
Kitty Gray: Where? Where?
Kitty Black: Under the haystack.
Kitty White: And I see my mittens.

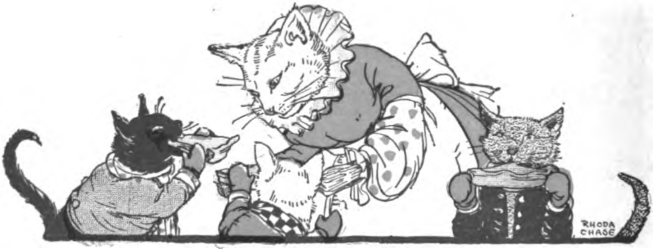
Kitty Gray: Yes, and I see my mittens.
We have found our mittens.
Come, we will tell mother.

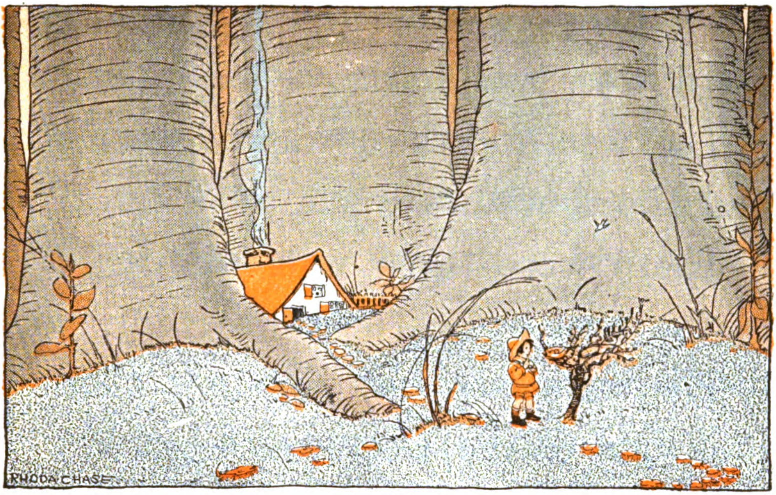
Kittens: Oh, mother, mother!
We have found our mittens.

Mother: Found your mittens!
You dear, dear kittens!
Now you shall have
some pie.

Kittens: Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

Mother: Yes, you shall have
some pie.





THE WEE, WEE BOY

Once there was a wee, wee boy.

He lived in a wee, wee house.

One day the wee, wee boy went out for a wee, wee walk.

He walked and he walked
until he came to a wee, wee tree.

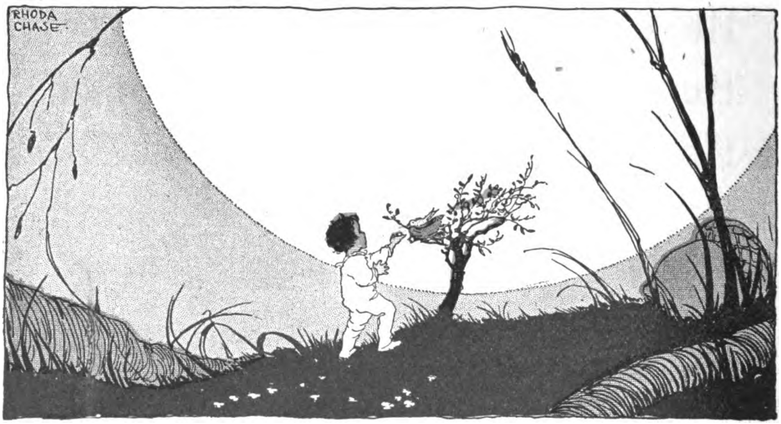
There in the wee, wee tree
he saw a wee, wee nest.

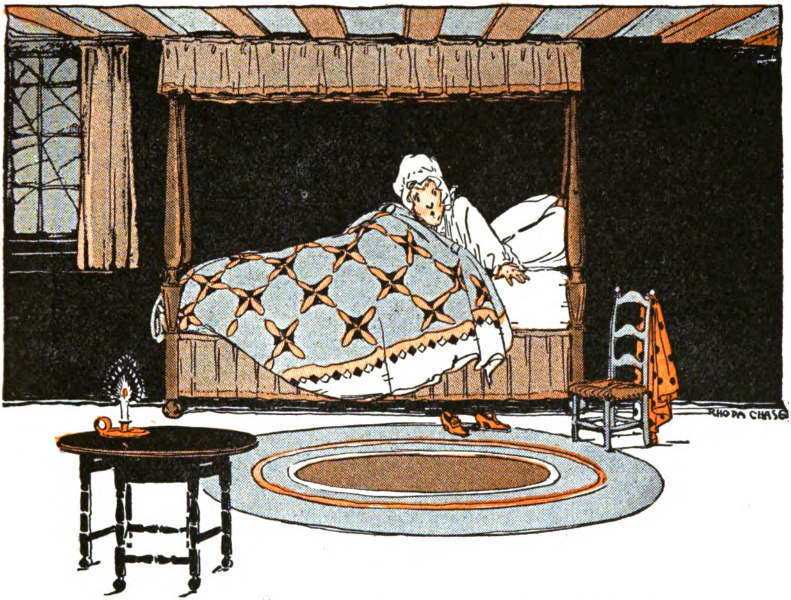
On the wee, wee nest
sat a wee, wee bird.
The wee, wee bird was frightened,
and she flew away.
There were three wee, wee eggs
in the nest.
The wee, wee boy
took one of the wee, wee eggs.
He took the wee, wee egg
to his wee, wee house.
He put the wee, wee egg
in his wee, wee cupboard.
The wee, wee boy was sleepy.
He lay down on his wee, wee bed.
The wee, wee boy fell asleep.
Soon he heard a wee, wee voice.
The wee, wee voice said,
"Bring back my wee, wee egg."

The wee, wee boy was ashamed.
Then the wee, wee voice said again,
"Bring back my wee, wee egg.
Bring back my wee, wee egg."
This made the wee, wee boy
very much ashamed.
Soon the wee, wee voice said again,
"Bring back my wee, wee egg.
Bring back my wee, wee egg.
Bring back my wee, wee egg."
Just then the wee, wee boy waked up.
He was ashamed.
He was very, very much ashamed.
He jumped out of his wee, wee bed.
He ran to the wee, wee cupboard
and got the wee, wee egg.
Out of his wee, wee house he ran
as fast as he could go.

He ran and he ran
until he came to the wee, wee nest.
There sat the wee, wee bird.
The wee, wee boy
put out his wee, wee hand.
In it lay the wee, wee egg.
In a wee, wee voice he said,
"Here it is. Take it!"
And the wee, wee boy
never took a bird's egg again.

— Two Old Tales Retold.





THE WEE, WEE WOMAN

There was a wee, wee woman.
She lived in a wee, wee house.
She had a wee, wee bed.
She had a wee, wee chair.
She had a wee, wee cupboard.
She had a wee, wee table
and a wee, wee candle.

One night the wee, wee woman was in her wee, wee bed.

She heard a noise,

"Bang! bang! bang!"

The wee, wee woman was frightened.

What could it be?

She crept out of her wee, wee bed.

She put on her wee, wee shoes.

She got her wee, wee candle.

She looked under her wee, wee bed.

Nothing was there.

She looked under her wee, wee table.

Nothing was there.

She looked under her wee, wee chair.

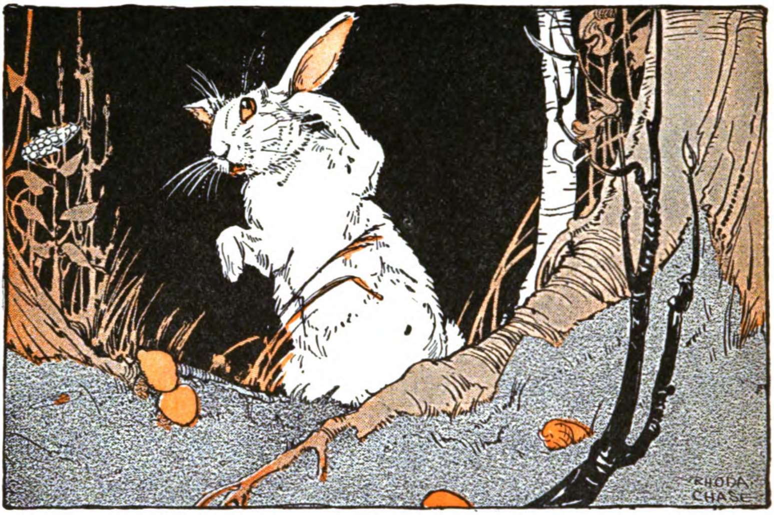
Nothing was there.

The wee, wee woman crept back to her wee, wee bed.

Then she went to sleep.

Again she heard a noise,
"Bang! bang! bang!"
The wee, wee woman was frightened.
What could it be?
She crept out of
her wee, wee bed again.
She got her wee, wee candle again.
She looked in the hall.
Nothing was there.
She looked in the parlor.
Nothing was there.
She looked in the kitchen.
Nothing was there.
She opened the cupboard door.
And out jumped—"Boo!"
Do you know what it was?
Do you? Do you? Do you?

— FOLK TALE.



WHAT FRIGHTENED WHITE RABBIT

White Rabbit was under an oak tree.
He was eating grass.
Something fell from the tree.
It fell on White Rabbit's head.
"Dear me!" he cried.
"What was that?
I must run and tell Brown Rabbit."
And away he ran.

Brown Rabbit was in a hole
in the ground.

"Good day," said Brown Rabbit.

But White Rabbit did not say,
"Good day."

He said, "Oh, Brown Rabbit,
I am so frightened!

Something fell from the oak tree.
It fell on my head."

"Did it hurt?" asked Brown Rabbit.

"Hurt? I should say it did!"
said White Rabbit.

"And I wish to know what it was."

"I do not know what it was,"
said Brown Rabbit.

"Let us go and tell Gray Squirrel.
He may know what it was."

And away they ran.

Gray Squirrel was in a tree.

"Good day," said Brown Rabbit.

"Good day," said Gray Squirrel.

But White Rabbit did not say, "Good day."

He said, "Oh, Gray Squirrel, I am so frightened!

Something fell from the oak tree.

It fell on my head."

"Did it hurt?" asked Gray Squirrel.

"Hurt? I should say it did!

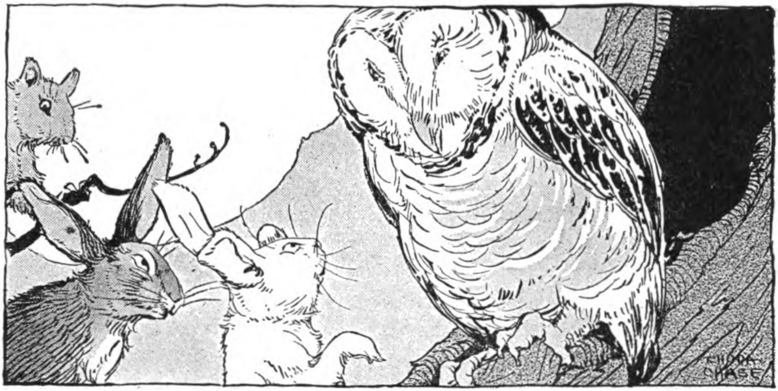
And I wish to know what it was," said White Rabbit.

"I do not know what it was," said Gray Squirrel.

"Let us go and tell Wise Owl.

He may know what it was."

And away they ran.



Wise Owl was in his nest in a tree.
He came out winking and blinking.
"Good day," said Gray Squirrel.
"Good day," said Brown Rabbit.
"Good day," said Wise Owl.
But White Rabbit did not say,
"Good day."
He said, "Oh, Wise Owl,
I am so frightened!
Something fell from the oak tree.
It fell on my head."

"Did it hurt?" said Wise Owl.

"Hurt? I should say it did!
And I wish to know what it was."

"Let me think," said Wise Owl.

"Yes, let Wise Owl think,"
said White Rabbit.

"Yes, yes, let Wise Owl think,"
said Gray Squirrel and Brown Rabbit.

And Wise Owl did think.

He winked and he blinked,
and he blinked and he winked.

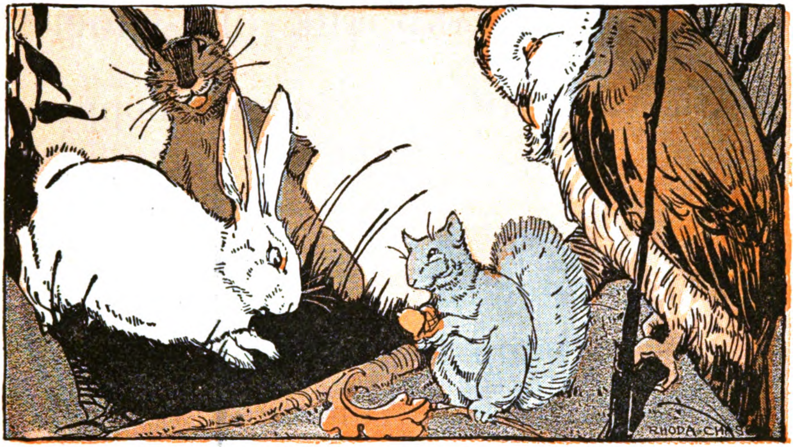
By and by he said,

"Did you look to see what fell?"

"Why, no. I did not look;
I was too frightened."

"Well, we must go and see
what it was," said Wise Owl.

So they all went to the oak tree.



Guess what they found under it.

A big brown acorn!

"And I ran away from that!" said White Rabbit.

"How wise Mr. Owl is!" said Gray Squirrel.

"Yes, how wise Mr. Owl is!" said Brown Rabbit.

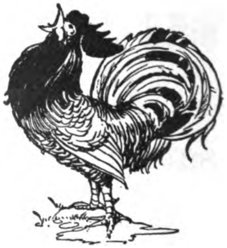
And Wise Owl just winked and blinked.

— SWEDISH TALE.

THE ROOSTER AND THE GRASSHOPPER

Once a rooster met a grasshopper.
"I can jump high,"
said the grasshopper.
The rooster said nothing.
"I can jump higher than anyone."
Still the rooster said nothing.
He opened his mouth
as if to crow.

"I will show you. Here I go!"



said the grasshopper.
She did jump high.
But she jumped
into the rooster's mouth.
And the rooster gobbled her up.
So that was the end
of the grasshopper and her boasting.

— Fable.

THE MAN AND THE ACORN

One day a man was sitting under a big oak tree.

There were many little acorns on the tree.

Near the tree was a pumpkin vine.

Some big pumpkins were growing on the vine.

The man looked at the little acorns on the big tree.

Then he looked at the big pumpkins on the little vine.

"That big tree has little acorns on it," he said.

"That little vine has big pumpkins on it.

How queer that is!

Little acorns should grow on vines; big pumpkins should grow on trees."

Then the man fell asleep.

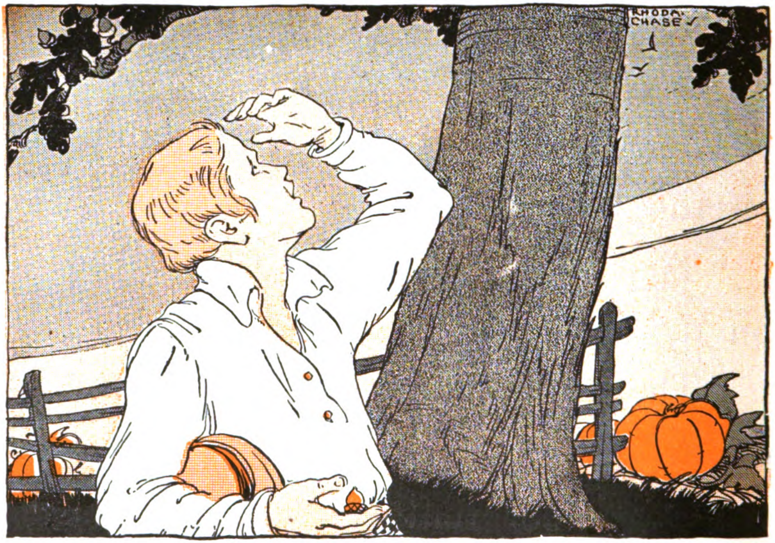
Soon an acorn fell from the tree.

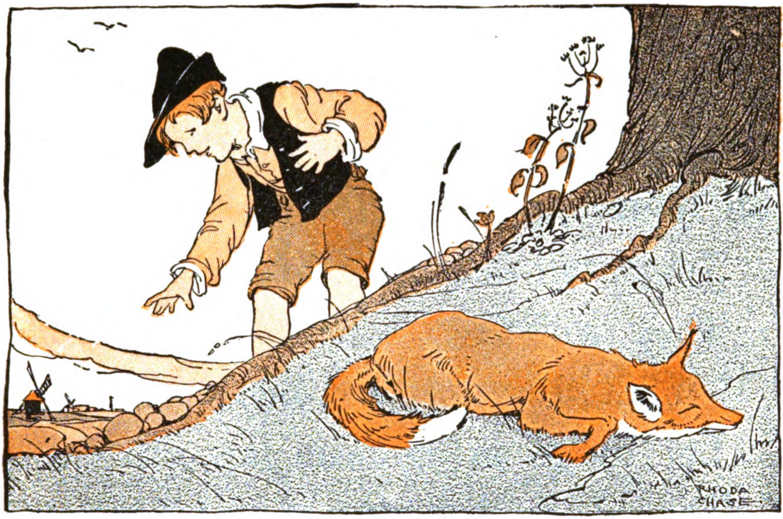
Whack! It fell on the man's head.

He jumped up and rubbed his head.

"My!" he cried, "how glad I am that pumpkins do not grow on trees."

— LA FONTAINE.





THE BOY AND THE FOX

As a boy was going to mill, he saw a fox under a tree.

The fox was fast asleep.

The boy picked up a stone.

"I will kill this fox," he said.

"Then I shall sell the skin and get some money for it.

I shall buy rye with the money.

I shall sow the rye
in father's best field.
The farmers will go by the field
on their way to mill.
They will see the rye.
They will say,
'What fine rye that boy has!
Let us go in and see it.'
Then I shall say to them,
'Do not go into my rye field.'
But they will not obey me.
Then I shall call to them,
'Do not go into my rye field.'
But still they will not obey me.
Then I shall shout to them,
'Do not go into my rye field.'
I shall shout very, very loud,
And they will obey me."

He shouted so loud that he waked the fox.

The fox gave one look at the boy, and away he ran.

The boy did not get the skin.

He did not get any money.

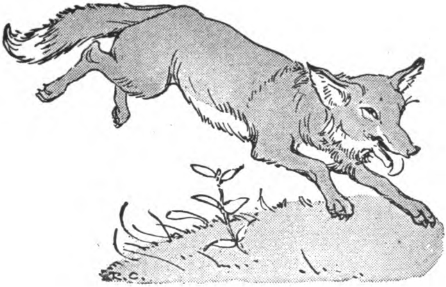
He did not sow any rye.

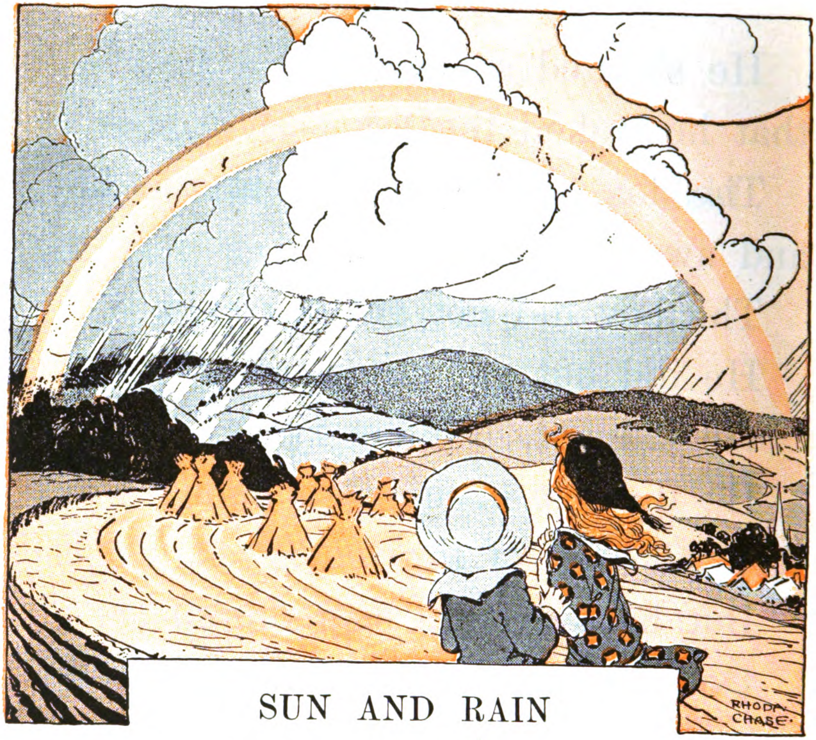
He did not even get a hair from the tail of the fox.

But he did learn something.

Do you know what it was?

—SWEDISH TALE.

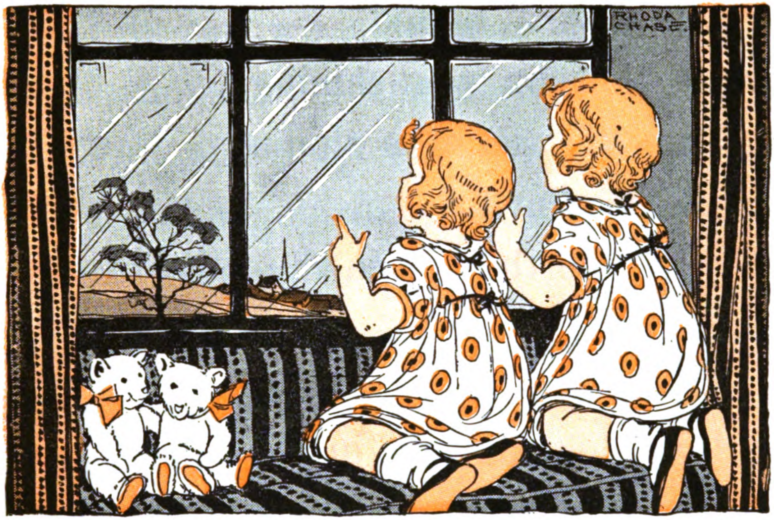




SUN AND RAIN

If all were rain
and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun
and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.

— Christina Rossetti.



POLLY AND MOLLY

Polly and Molly were sisters.
Polly was four years old.
And Molly was four years old.
Polly looked just like Molly.
And Molly looked just like Polly.
Everything Polly said, Molly said.
Everything Molly said, Polly said.
Oh! they were funny little girls.

One day it rained
while the sun was shining.

Yes, the sun was shining
while it rained.

"Oh, see the sun in the rain!"
said Polly.

And Molly said,

"Oh, see the sun in the rain!"

"See the pretty rainbow in the sky,"
said Polly.

And Molly said,

"See the pretty rainbow in the sky."

Just then their mother came in.

"Would you like to make rainbows?

Would you like to make rainbows
in the house?" she asked.

"How can we make rainbows
in the house?" asked Polly.

"How can we make rainbows in the house?" asked Molly.

"Wait and see," said their mother.

Then she got some soap and water.

And she got two spools.

She took a spool and blew a bubble — a big, big bubble.

And there was a rainbow.

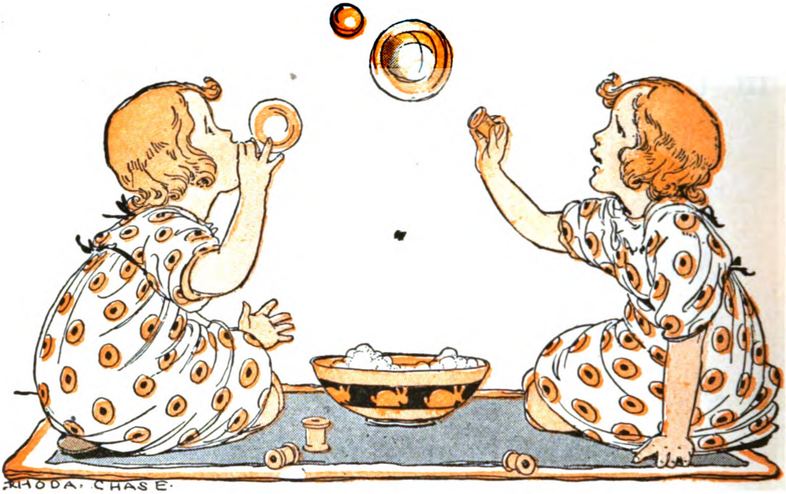
"Oh, see the pretty rainbow!" cried Polly.

"Oh, see the pretty rainbow!" cried Molly.

Mother gave Polly a spool, and she gave Molly a spool.

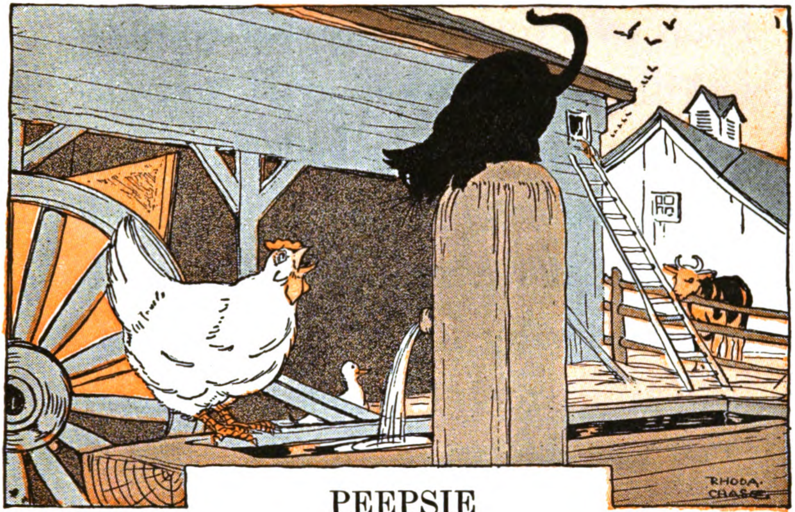
Then Polly blew a bubble, and she made a rainbow.

Then Molly blew a bubble, and she made a rainbow.



"Oh! I made a rainbow," cried Polly.
"Oh! I made a rainbow," cried Molly.
Then the children blew one bubble,
and another bubble,
and another bubble,
and another bubble.
And they did make rainbows
in the house.
See if you can do it, too.

— GERTRUDE SMITH.



PEEPSIE

Peepsie was lost.

And Peepsie was Mother Hen's one little chicken.

Where could Peepsie be?

Mother Hen was very sad.

She went about the barnyard calling,

"Cluck, cluck, cluck!
My Peepsie is lost!
My Peepsie is lost!"

Soon everyone in the barnyard
heard the sad news.
All the mothers looked
for their babies.
The old barnyard cat
called her baby kittens.
"Mew, mew!" they came.
Yes, all were there.
The duck called her baby ducks.
"Quack, quack!" they came.
Yes, all were there.
The cows called their baby calves.
"Maa, maa!" they came.
Yes, all were there.
The sheep called their baby lambs.
"Baa, baa!" they came.
Yes, all were there.
Only Peepsie was lost.

Where could Peepsie be?

Mother Hen looked everywhere in the barnyard.

Peepsie was not there.

Then Mother Hen went to the hayfield.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" she called.

There! What was that she saw running in the grass?

Could it be Peepsie?

No, it was not so big as Peepsie.

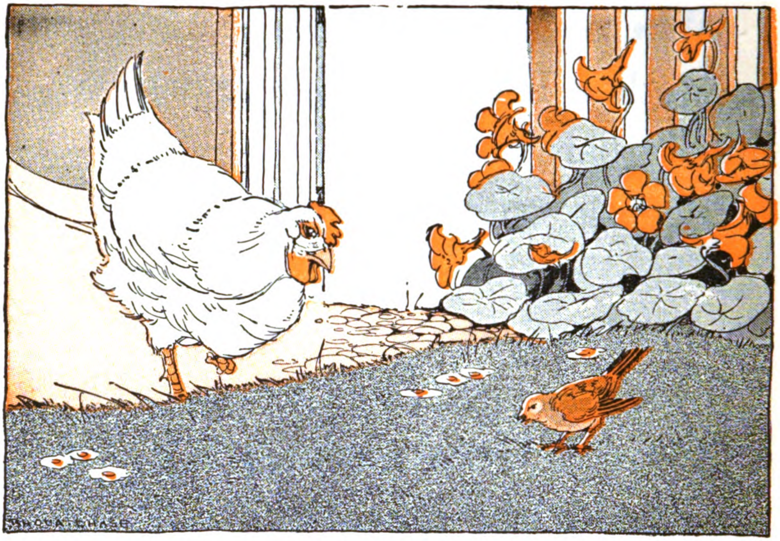
And it had a long tail.

"No, it was only a field mouse," said Mother Hen.

And she went on down the road.

The road went by the garden.

"Tweet, tweet!" she heard.

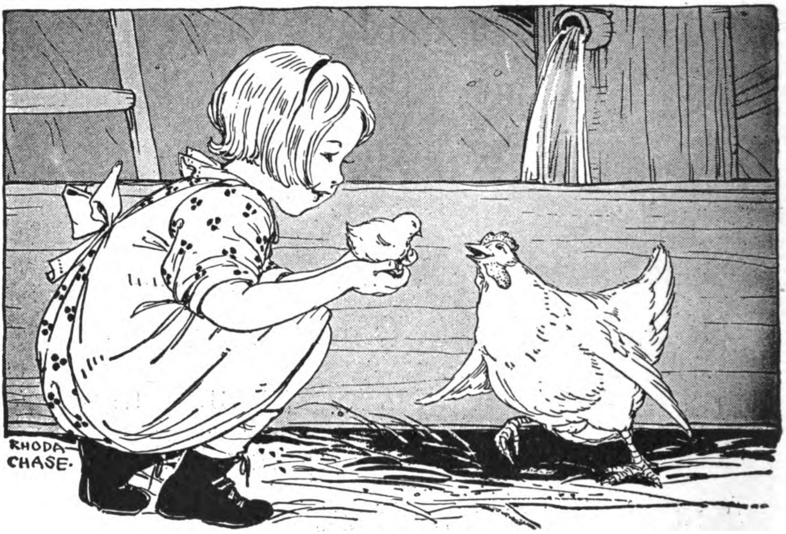


"Can it be Peepsie?" she said.
Into the garden she went.
There on the grass was a baby.
It had feathers like Peepsie.
It had a bill and two legs.
But it hopped on two legs at once.
Peepsie would never do that.
No, this was not Peepsie.
It was a baby sparrow.

Down the road went Mother Hen.
Soon she met an old duck.
"What! Have you lost Peepsie?" she asked.
"Peepsie may be with my babies.
Quack! quack! Come, little ducks.
Look, Mother Hen, is Peepsie here?"
No, indeed! What queer bills!
And what queer feet!
Peepsie's feet were not like those.
No, Peepsie was not there.

"My poor Peepsie!" said Mother Hen.
"I shall never find her."
And back to the barnyard she went.

There she saw a little girl.
She was the farmer's little girl.
And what was that in her hand?



Why, it was Peepsie!

"Here is your baby, Mother Hen," said the little girl.

"I found her for you."

"Peep, peep!" said Peepsie.

"Cluck, cluck!" said Mother Hen.

"Never leave me again until you are a big chicken."

And Peepsie did not.

— Emilie Poulsson.

WHO WILL TRADE?

One day Mary and her baby brother were in the meadow.

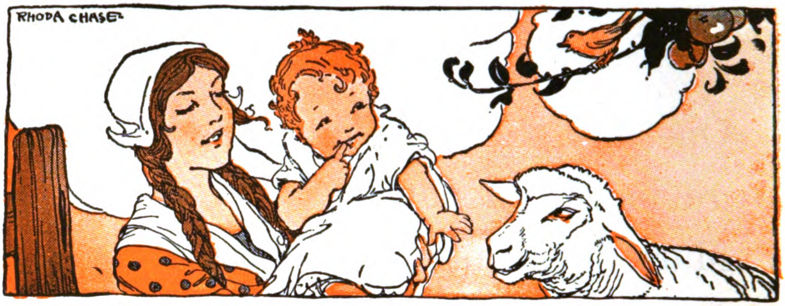
Mary was singing,

"What will you trade,
What will you trade
For my baby dear?
In all the green world,
There is nothing so fair
As my baby dear
With his golden hair."

An old sheep walked up and looked at the baby.

"A very fine baby," she said. "But has he only two legs?"

"That is all," said Mary.



"And he has no wool!" said the sheep.
"No, no; I will not trade with you.

In all the green world,
There is nothing so sweet
As my little lamb
With its nimble feet.

No, no; I will not trade with you."
Then the sheep walked off.

Mary went on singing,
"What will you trade,
What will you trade
For my baby dear?"

A mother bird was sitting in an old apple tree.

She heard Mary's song.

She flew down from the tree and looked at the baby.

"A very fine baby," she said.

"But can he sing?"

"No, he can not sing yet.

He is too young," said Mary.

"And he has no wings!" said the mother bird.

"No, no; I will not trade with you.

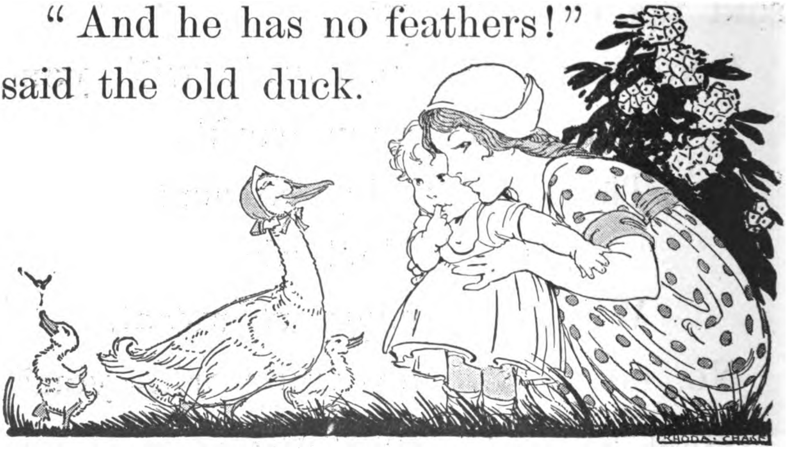
In all the green world,
There is nothing so neat
As my little birds
With their songs so sweet.

No, no; I will not trade with you."

Then the bird flew away.

Mary went on singing,
"What will you trade,
What will you trade
For my baby dear?"

An old duck walked up
and looked at the baby.
"A very fine baby," she said.
"But can he swim?"
"No, no; he can not swim yet.
He is too young," said Mary.
"And he has no feathers!"
said the old duck.



"No, no; I will not trade with you.
In all the green world,
There is nothing so bright
As my little ducks
With feathers so white.
No, no; I will not trade with you."
Then Mary went home.

She told her mother about the sheep, the bird, and the duck.

Mother said,
"That is the way with mothers.
Each thinks her baby the finest.
I know my baby is the finest.

In all the green world,
There is nothing so fair
As my baby dear
With his golden hair."

— ADAPTED.

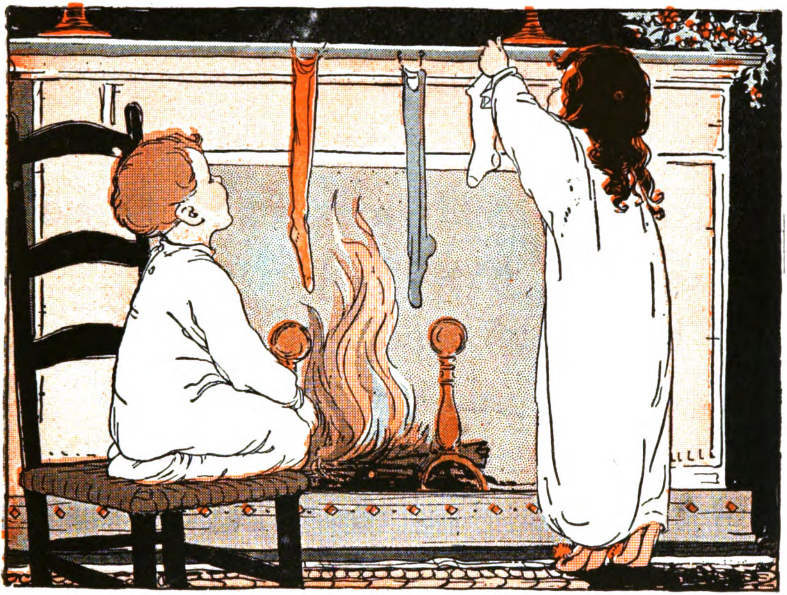
CHRISTMAS BELLS

All the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day,
On Christmas day;
All the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day in the morning.

All the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day,
On Christmas day;
All the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

And everyone on earth shall sing
On Christmas day,
On Christmas day;
And everyone on earth shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

– Christmas Carol.



A CHRISTMAS JOKE

It was the night before Christmas.

Jack hung up a red stocking.

Lucy hung up a blue stocking.

She hung up a little stocking for baby.

Then the children went to bed.

Soon they were fast asleep.

Then Santa Claus came down the chimney.

He looked all around.

"Are the children asleep?" he said.

Yes, Jack was asleep, and Lucy was asleep.

Baby was asleep, too.

"No one can see me," said Santa.

"Now I will get to work."

And he did get to work.

He filled the red stocking.

He filled the blue stocking.

Then he saw the little stocking.

"Ho, ho!" cried Santa.

"There must be a new baby here.

I will fill this stocking full."

And he did fill it full.

"No one can put another thing
in that stocking," said Santa.

"I can do it! I can do it!"
said a wee voice.

"What is that?" cried Santa.

"Who is that?"

He looked all around,
but he saw no one.

He looked again.

There was a little mouse
sitting on a chair.

"What did you say?" asked Santa.

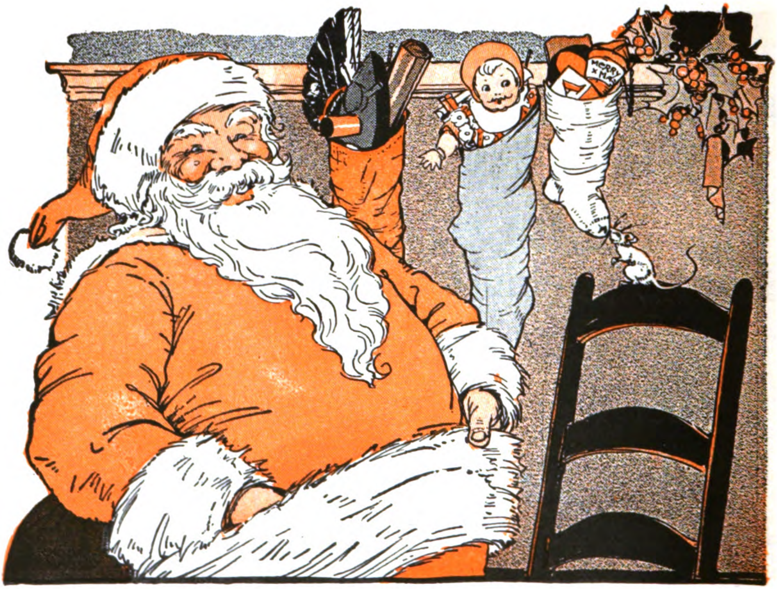
"I can put one thing more
in that stocking," said the mouse.

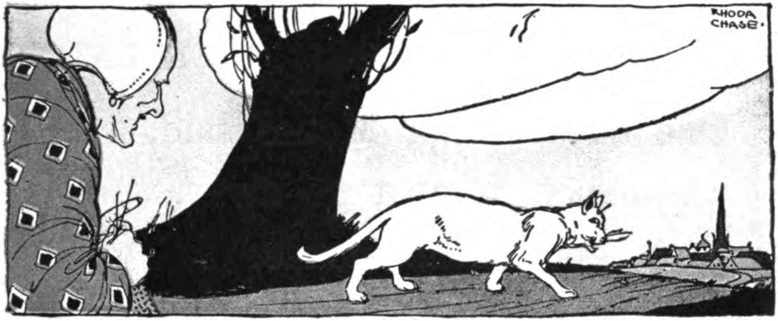
"You can, can you?" said Santa.

"Let me see you do it."

"Wait, and I will show you,"
said the mouse.

The mouse ran to the stocking.
He began to nibble the toe.
Nibble, nibble! nibble, nibble!
And soon there was a hole.
How Santa Claus did laugh!
"You shall have this bit of cheese," said Santa Claus.
"That is a good Christmas joke."




RHODA CHASE.

GOING TO TOWN

"Where are you going, my little cat?"
"I'm going to town to get me a hat."
"What! A hat for a cat!
A cat get a hat!
Who ever heard of a cat with a hat?"

"Where are you going,
my little kittens?"
"We're going to town
to buy some mittens."
"What! Mittens for kittens!
Do kittens wear mittens?
Who ever saw a kitten with mittens?"

WHY THE CAT WASHES AFTER EATING

One day Mother Mouse said,
"Squeaky, I must go away.
Be a good little mouse.
Stay at home all day,
and be very still.
The cat may be near."

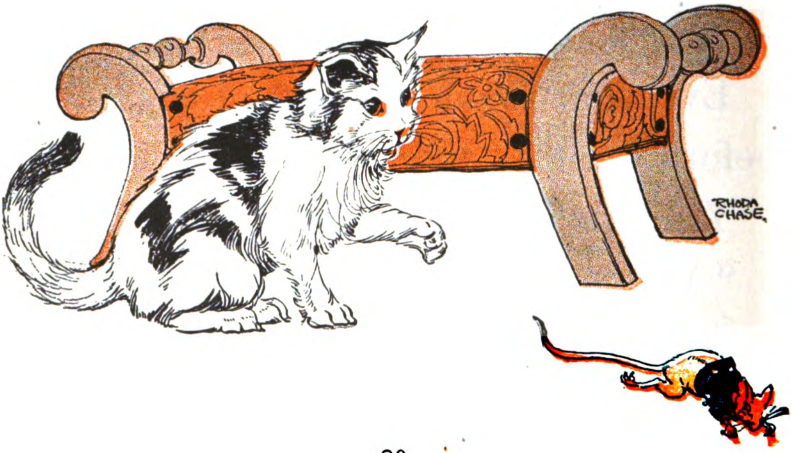
Then Mother Mouse went away.

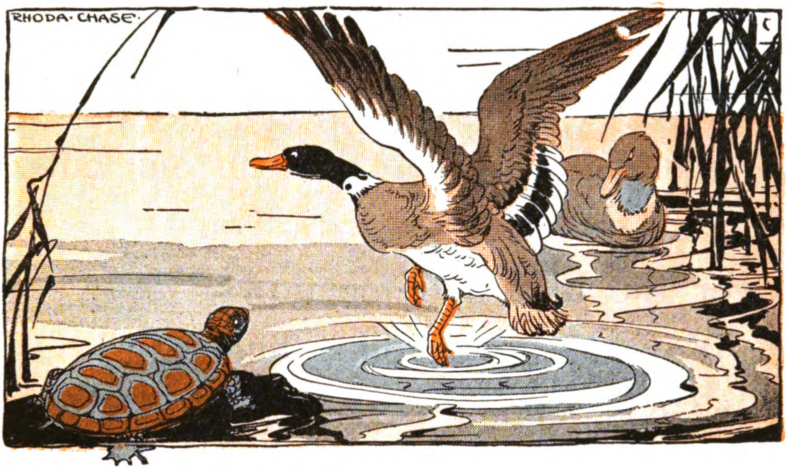
Squeaky was still.
He was still a long, long time.
Then he said,
"The cat is not near,
and she can not catch me.
I can run fast.
I will go out and play."
And out of the nest Squeaky ran.

Just then Kitty came by.
Oh, how frightened Squeaky was!
He ran as fast as he could,
and he could run very fast.
But Kitty could run fast, too.
Soon she caught the mouse.
Poor Squeaky! Poor Squeaky!
What could he do?
He thought and thought.
Then he said,
"I know you will eat me, Kitty.
But you must wash your face first.
Everyone washes his face
before eating.
You should do so, too."
"Yes, yes, so I should," said Kitty.
As she said this,
she let the mouse go.

Away Squeaky ran.
"Good-by, Kitty," he cried.
"I am glad you waited
to wash your face."
"After this I shall eat
before I wash my face," said Kitty.
"I don't care what others do."
And now all cats eat first
and then wash their faces.
Have you not seen them do it?

—OLD TALE.


RHODA CHASE.



THE TURTLE AND THE DUCKS

A turtle lived by a pond.

Some ducks came there every day.

The turtle liked to see the ducks swim on the pond.

She liked to see them fly.

"I can swim as the ducks do," she said.

"I wish I could fly as they do."

Two ducks heard the wish.

"We will help you," they said.

"Hold this stick in your mouth.

We will take the ends in our bills.

Then we will fly with you over the hills and meadows.

We shall give you a fine ride."

"Good, good!" cried the turtle.

"Now I can have my wish."

"Do not open your mouth," said the ducks.

"If you do, you will fall."

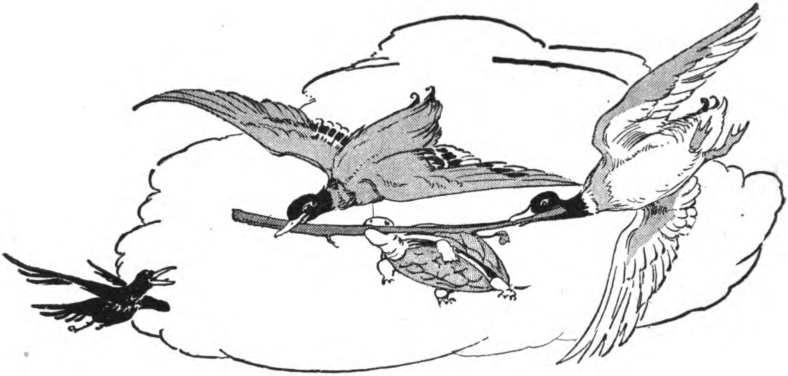
"I will not open it," said the turtle.

She took hold of the stick.

The two ducks took the ends.

Away they flew over the hills and meadows.

How happy the turtle was!



By and by they saw a crow.
"Caw, caw, caw!" cried the crow.
"Who ever saw a turtle with wings?
How funny she looks! Caw, caw!"
This made the turtle angry.
She opened her mouth to say,
"What —"
But down, down she fell —
down upon the stones in the road.
And no one ever found out
what she was going to say.

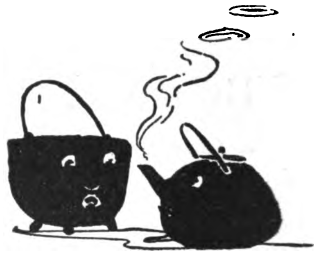
— EAST INDIAN FABLE.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE

One day the pot and the kettle had a quarrel.

The pot said the kettle was black.

The kettle said the pot was black.



And the pot said the kettle was black.

And the kettle said the pot was black.

And so they kept it up until two maids came into the room.

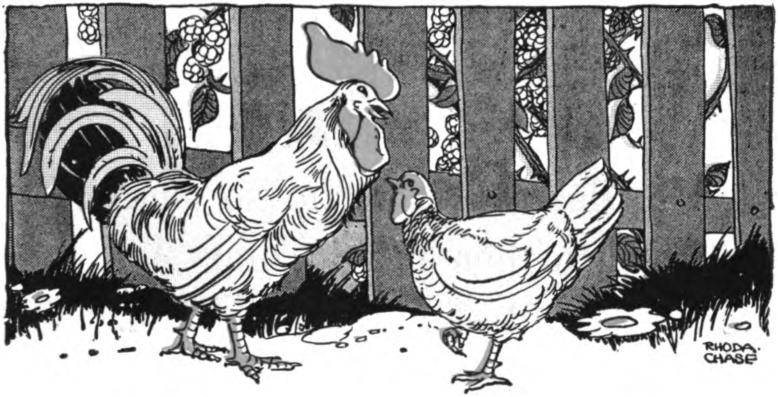
"What a black pot!" said one.

"What a black kettle!" said the other.

Then one maid scrubbed the pot, and the other maid scrubbed the kettle.

And the pot and the kettle said nothing more about each other.

— FABLE.



I WON'T WAIT

A little rooster and a little hen took a walk one day.

Soon they came to a garden.

There they saw green berries.

"I will eat all the berries I want," said the rooster.

"Please don't," said the hen.

"Green berries will make you sick.
Wait until they are ripe."

"I won't wait," said the rooster.

He flew into the garden.

He ate and ate the green berries.

That night the rooster cried out, "Oh, dear me! I am so sick!"

The little hen ran to him.

She did all she could for him.

He was a very sick rooster, and he was sick many days.

One day it was very hot.

The rooster and the hen went to walk again.

Soon they came to some water.

"How hot I am!" said the rooster. "Now I shall have a good drink."

"Wait," said the hen. "You are too hot to drink now."

"I won't wait," said the rooster.

"You always tell me to wait.
I will drink now."
So he drank and drank.
That night the little rooster
was sick again.
He was very, very sick.
The hen did all she could for him.
But he was sick a long time.

The days grew cold.
Jack Frost put ice on the pond.
"Come, let us run on the ice,"
said the rooster.
"No, the ice is too thin.
Let us wait," said the hen.
"I won't wait," said the rooster.
"You always tell me to wait."
Round and round the pond he ran.

The hen sat down and cried.

"He will drown!" she said.

"I know he will!"

Around came the little rooster.

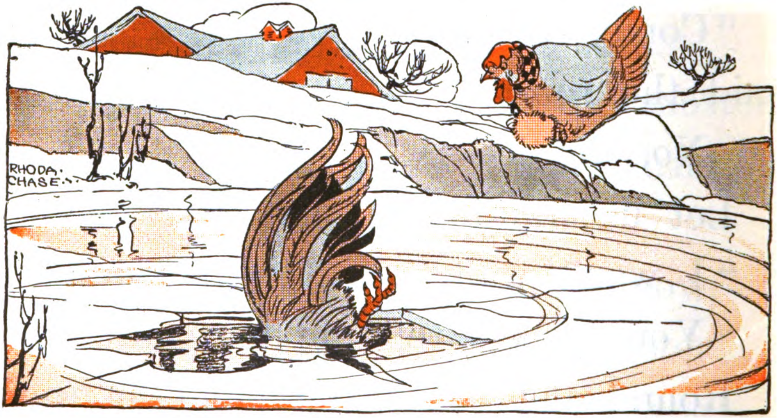
"I told you that it was all right," he said.

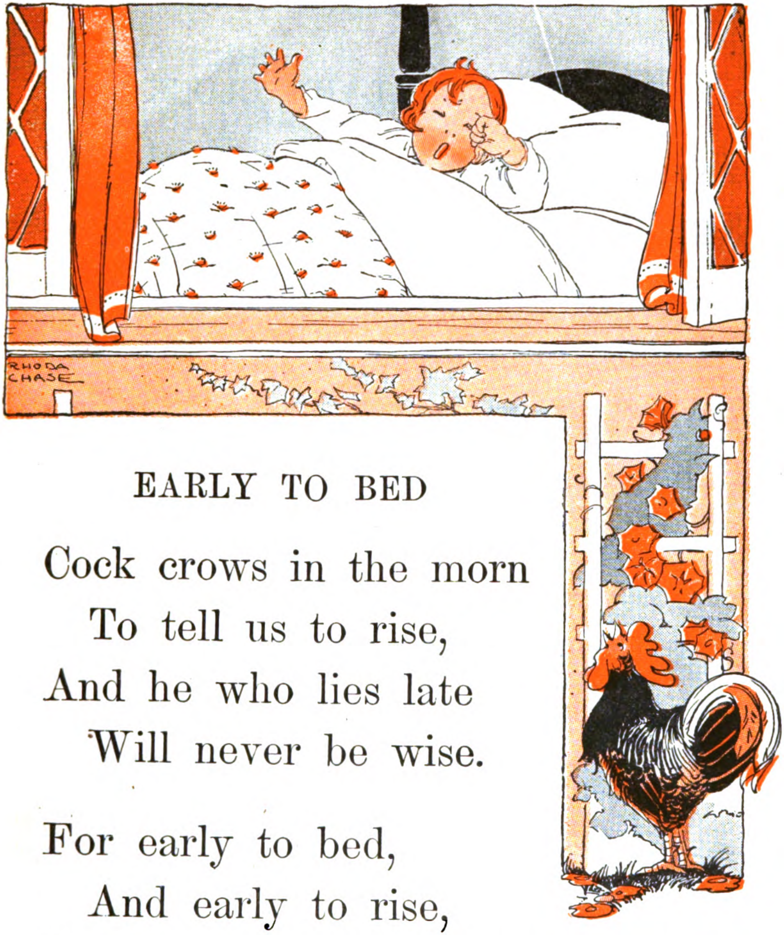
Just then—crack! pop! went the ice.

The little rooster fell into the water.

And no one ever saw him again.

—Robert Southey.





EARLY TO BED

Cock crows in the morn
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise.

For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy,
And wealthy, and wise.

— Nursery Rime.

THE LIVING ALARM CLOCK

A man bought a little rooster.
The little rooster liked to crow.
One night the man said,
"I am very sleepy.
I shall go to bed
and have a good sleep."
And he went to bed and slept.

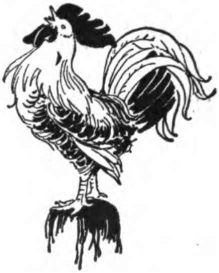
The little rooster got up
early the next morning.
He flapped his wings and crowed,
"Koo-ke-roo! koo-ke-roo!"
The crowing waked the man.
He was angry, and he threw a shoe
at the little rooster.
The little rooster ran away.

"Well, I can't go back to sleep," said the man.

"I will plant my garden."

And he planted his garden.

That night he shut the little rooster in the hen yard.



"Now I can sleep," he said, and he went to bed and slept.

The little rooster got up early the next morning.

He flew up on the hen-yard fence.

Again he crowed, "Koo-ke-roo!"

The crowing waked the man, and he was very angry.

He threw another shoe at the little rooster.

The little rooster ran away.

Then the man said,

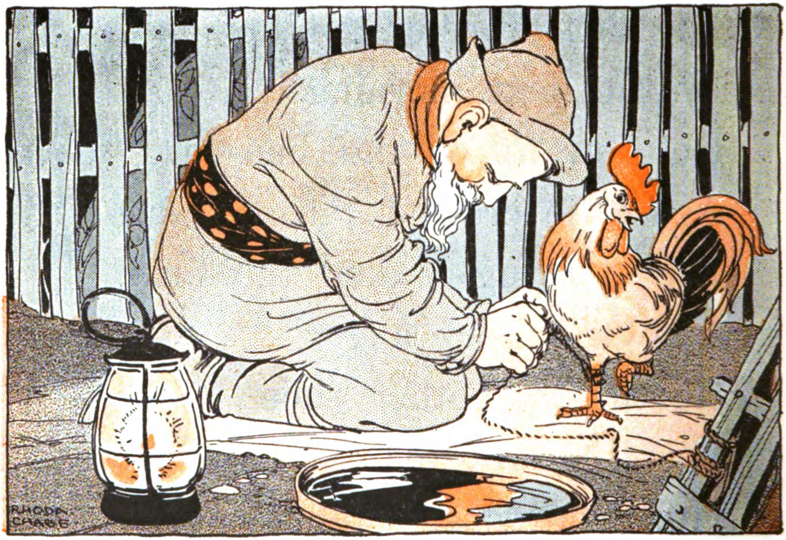
"I can not go back to sleep.

I will get up and weed my garden."

And he weeded his garden.

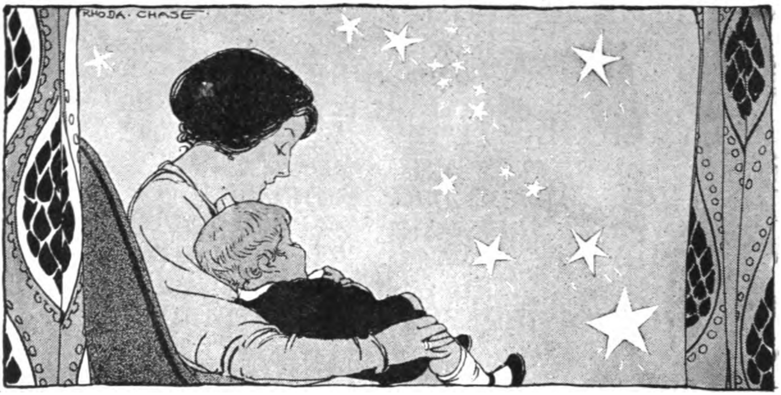
That night the man put the rooster in the hen yard and tied him.

"Now I shall sleep," he said, and he went to bed and slept.



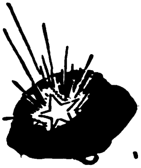
The little rooster got up
early the next morning.
He bit the string in two
and flew up on the fence.
Again he crowed, "Koo-ke-roo!"
The crowing waked the man,
and he was very, very angry.
He caught the little rooster
and gave him away.
Now there was no one
to wake him.
He could sleep as long as he wished.
He slept late every morning.
He did not get up
to weed his garden.
The weeds grew and grew and grew,
and soon there was no garden at all.

— Charles Battell Loomis.



DREAMING

A little boy was dreaming,
Upon his mother's lap,
That the pins fell out
  of all the stars
And a star fell into his cap.



So when his dream was over,
What did that little boy do?
Why, he went and looked into his cap
And found it was not true.

—**Nursery Rime.**

DARK PONY

Dark was a little pony.

He took the children to ride at night.

Guess where he took them.

Why, he took them to Sleepytown.

He came by when the sun went down.

He came galloping, galloping, galloping.

One night Noddy saw Dark Pony.

Noddy said,

"Take me down
To Sleepytown."

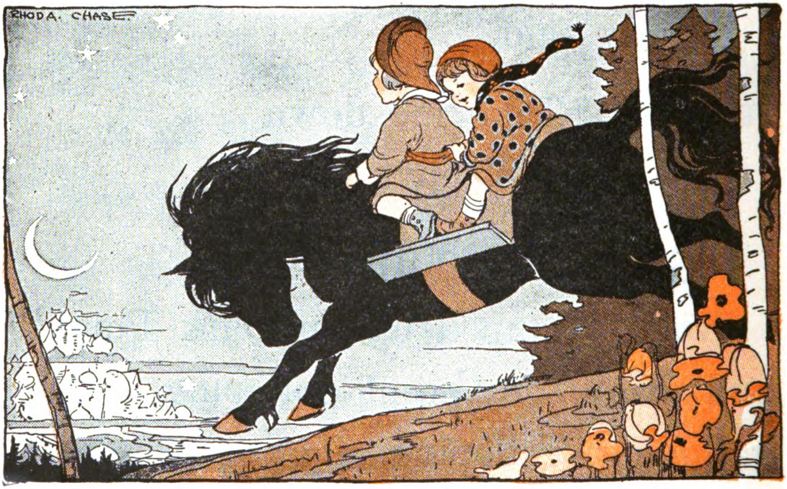
"Get on," said Dark Pony.

Noddy jumped up on Dark Pony, and away they went galloping, galloping, galloping.

Then Niddy saw Dark Pony.
She cried,
"Let me go, too.
Take me with you."

Dark Pony stopped galloping, and Niddy jumped up behind Noddy.

"Go, go, Dark Pony," she said, and away they went galloping, galloping, galloping.



A white dog saw Dark Pony coming.
He said,

"Bow, wow, wow!
Take me now!"

Dark Pony stopped galloping.
Noddy jumped down to get the dog.
Then he jumped up on the pony.
"Go, go, Dark Pony," he said,
and away they went galloping,
galloping, galloping.

A black cat saw Dark Pony
galloping down the road.
The cat cried,

"Mew, mew, mew!
Take me, too."

Dark Pony stopped galloping.
Niddy jumped down to get the cat.
Then she jumped up on the pony.

"Go, go, Dark Pony," she said.

Away they went galloping, galloping, galloping.

How happy they were!

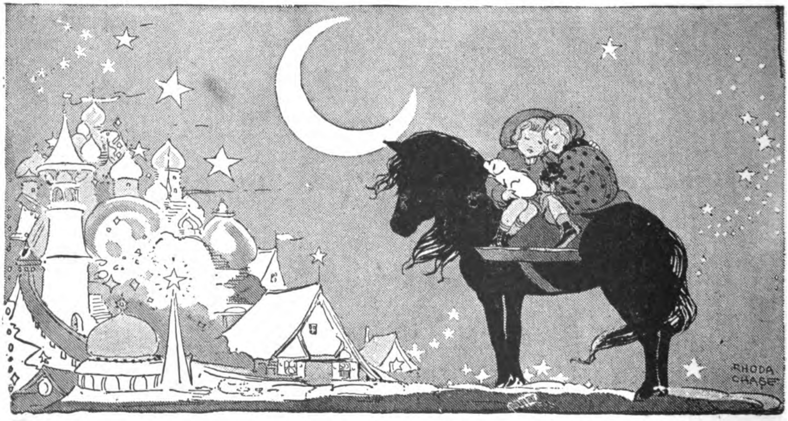
Each one sang a little song,

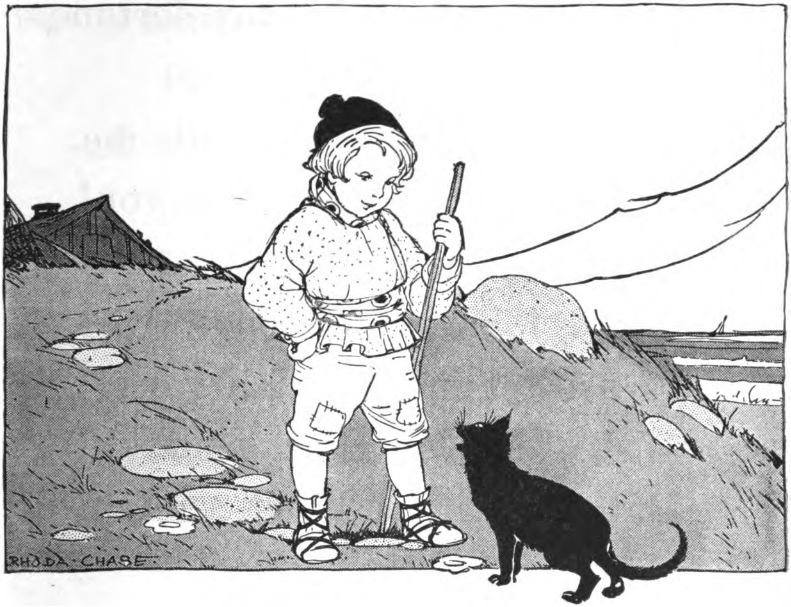
But soon the song stopped.

Then Dark Pony stopped, too, for he had come to Sleepytown.

All the eyes were shut.

Niddy and Noddy and White Dog and Black Cat were all fast asleep.





BILLY BOB TAIL

Billy: Dear me, dear me!
What shall I do?
I have no home.
I have no friends.
I must go and seek my fortune.

Cat: Mew, mew! Where are you going,
Billy Bob Tail?

Billy: I am going to seek my fortune.
Cat: May I go with you?
Billy: No, no, you can't go with me.
Cat: Oh, please take me with you!
I have no home,
and I have no friends.
Please let me go with you.
Billy: Well, come on then, poor kitty.
But take care. Don't scratch me.

Dog: Bow, wow! Where are you going,
Billy Bob Tail?
Billy: I am going to seek my fortune.
Dog: May I go with you?
Billy: No, no, you can't go with me.
Who wants to be seen
with a cat and a dog?
No, no, you can't go with me.

Dog: Please let me go with you,
Billy Bob Tail.
I am getting old,
and my master will kill me.
I heard him say so.
Please take me with you.

Billy: Poor old dog!
You may come with me.
But take care. Don't bite me.

Cow. Moo, moo! Where are you going,
Billy Bob Tail?

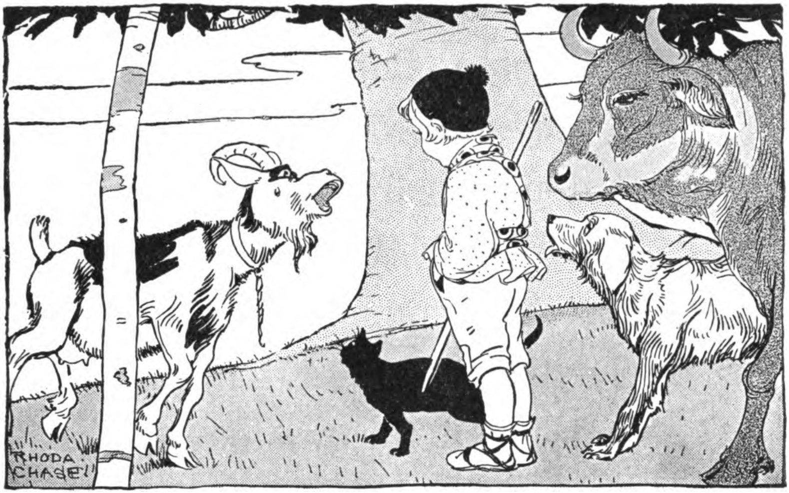
Billy: I am going to seek my fortune.

Cow: May I go with you?

Billy: No, no, you can't go with me.
Who wants to be seen
with a cat, a dog, and a cow?
No, no, you can't go with me.

Cow: Please let me go with you.
My master is going to kill
and eat me.
I heard him say so.
Please take me with you.
Billy: Poor old cow!
You may come with me, too.
But take care. Don't hook me.

Goat: Maa, maa! Where are you going,
Billy Bob Tail?
Billy: I am going to seek my fortune.
Goat: May I go with you?
Billy: No, no, you can't go with me.
Who wants to be seen
with a cat, a dog, a cow,
and a goat?
No, no, you can't go with me.



Goat: Please take me with you.
I work all day long,
but I get little to eat.
Please take me with you.

Billy: Well, I have a cat, a dog,
and a cow.
I may as well let you come
with us.
But take care. Don't butt me.

Billy: Do you see that dark forest?
We must go into that forest.
We may find our fortune there.
But don't be frightened;
don't be frightened.
I am with you.
I can whistle,
and I can throw stones.
What can each of you do?
Cat: I can mew and scratch.
Dog: I can bark and bite.
Cow: I can moo and hook.
Goat: I can bleat and butt.
Billy: We are all right;
nothing can hurt us.
Don't be frightened;
don't be frightened.
Come on!

All: We are not frightened.
You are with us.

Billy: Look! There is a house.
Let us go and see
what is in it.

Dog: Yes, but what is that noise
coming from the house?
Did you hear a deep growl?

All: Yes, yes! What can it be?

Billy: It must be a bear.
Make all the noise you can.
We can frighten him away.
I shall whistle.
Now all together!

Cat: Mew, mew, mew!

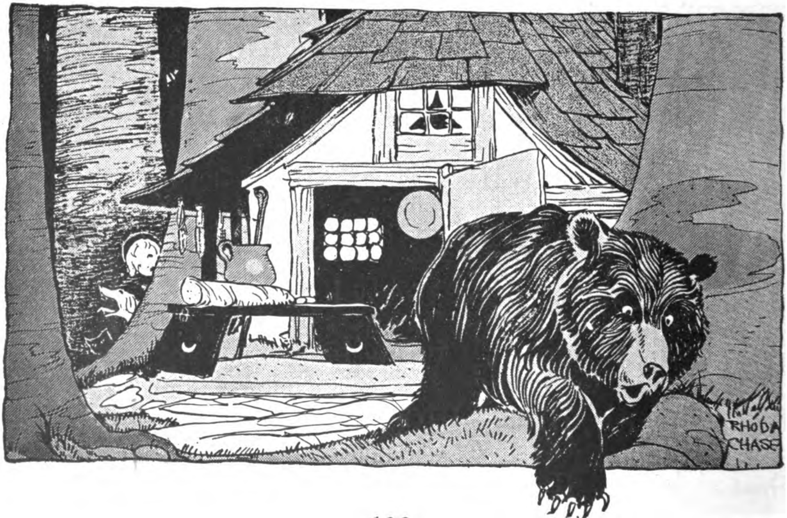
Dog: Bow, wow, wow!

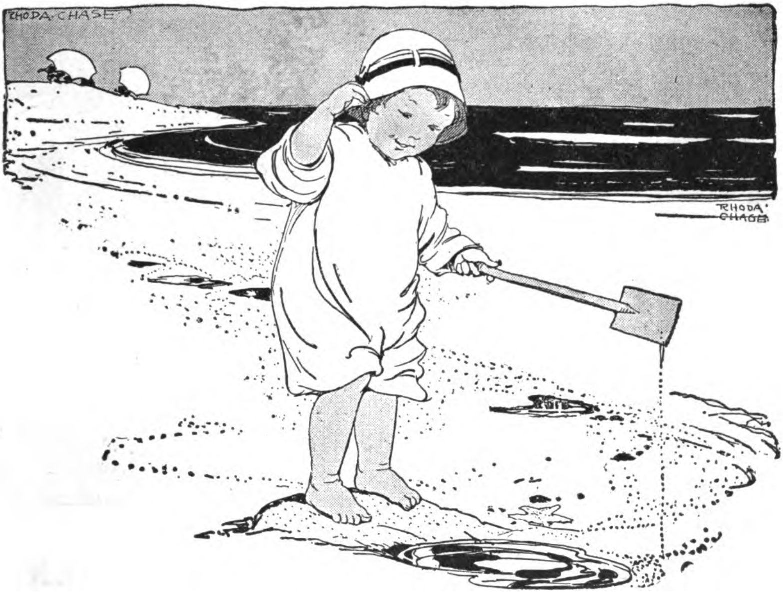
Cow: Moo, moo, moo!

Goat: Maa, maa, maa!

Billy: Look! There goes a bear.
We have frightened him away.
I knew we could do it.
Dog: Let us stay in his house.
Billy: Yes, it is a good house
to live in.
We will make it our home.
We have found our fortune!
We have found our fortune!

—Folk Tale.



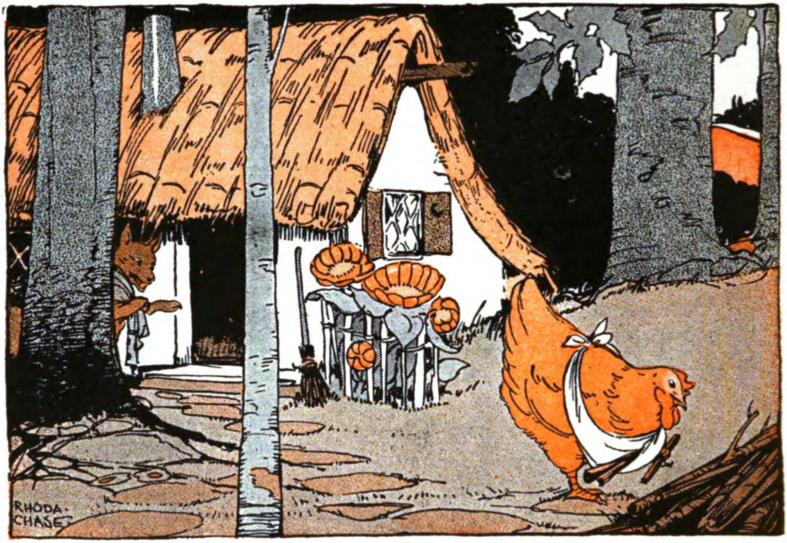

RHODA·CHASE
RHODA·CHASE

AT THE SEASIDE

When I was down beside the sea,
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup.
In every hole the sea came up
Till it could come no more.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.



THE FOX AND THE LITTLE RED HEN

A little red hen lived
in a little house in the woods.
She had a little bedroom,
a little parlor, and a little kitchen.
There was a little cupboard
in the kitchen.

Over the hill a sly fox lived
in a den with his mother.

He wished to catch the red hen
and eat her.

But she was a wise little hen.

She kept her eyes open
and her door shut.

One day the fox got a big bag.

"Mother, put the pot on," he said.

"I will get that red hen to-day
and have her for dinner."

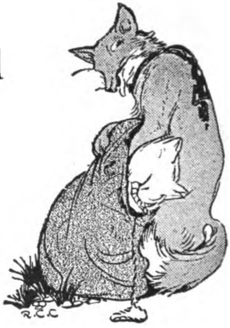
And he went over the hill
to the little red hen's house.

Just then she came out
to get some wood for her fire.

She did not shut the door
this time.

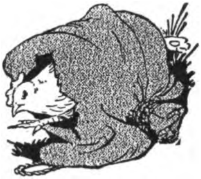
The sly fox crept into the house
and hid behind the cupboard.

When the red hen came in,
out jumped the fox.
Oh, the red hen was frightened!
What could she do?
She ran around the room.
Then she flew up on the cupboard
where the fox could not get her.
But the fox had a plan.
He ran round and round
after his tail.
This made the hen dizzy,
and soon she fell.
The fox caught her
and put her into his bag.
Over the hill he went.
By and by he stopped to rest.
He put the bag on the ground
and went fast to sleep.



The little red hen had a plan.

She got out her scissors and cut a hole in the bag.



Then she crept out.

She put a stone into the bag and ran home as fast as she could.

Soon the fox waked up.

He took up the bag and went on.

"Dear me! What a big fat hen!" he said.

"She will make a fine dinner."

His mother met him at the door.

"Did you get the little red hen?" she asked.

"Yes, I got her this time," he said. "Is the water hot?"

"Yes, yes," said his mother. "Come and put her into the pot."

The fox opened the bag, and — splash! went the stone.

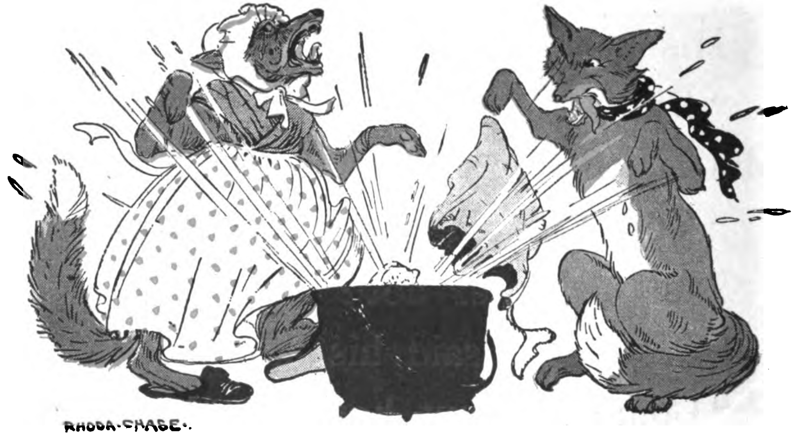
The hot water splashed all over the sly fox and his mother.

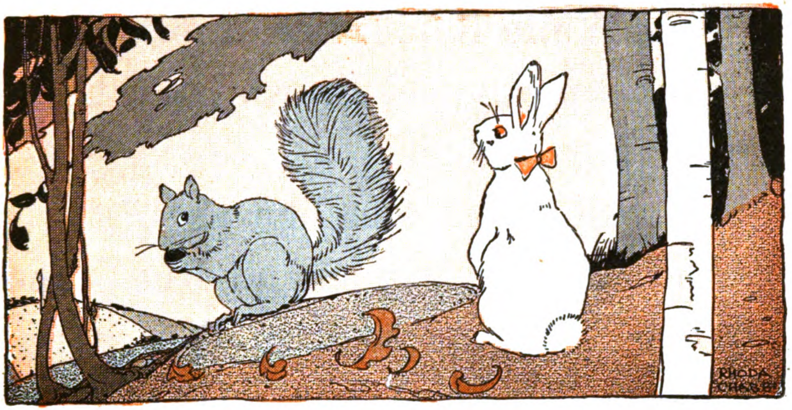
They jumped up and down, crying with pain.

After that the sly fox never went near the little red hen's house.

And the little red hen was happy in her home.

— OLD TALE.





LITTLE WHITE RABBIT

Once there was a little White Rabbit.
He had pink ears and bright eyes.
He was a pretty little rabbit,
but he was not happy.
He wished for everything he saw.
One day White Rabbit
saw Gray Squirrel.
"What a pretty tail
Gray Squirrel has!" said White Rabbit.
"I wish I had a tail like that."

Then White Rabbit saw Brown Duck.

"What pretty feet Brown Duck has!" said White Rabbit.

"I wish I had feet like hers."

And so he wished all the time for one thing and then another.

One day Wise Owl heard him.

"Why do you not go
to the Wishing Pond?" he asked.

"Then your wishes will come true."

"Will they?" cried White Rabbit.

"What must I do when I get there?"

"First, you must make your wish," said Wise Owl.

"Then look in the water
and turn around three times."

"Good!" cried White Rabbit.

Away he ran to the Wishing Pond.

There he saw a pretty bird
with beautiful red wings.

"Oh! I wish I had red wings
like those," cried White Rabbit.

Then he looked in the water
and turned around three times.

And what do you think?

He had two little red wings!

Away he ran to show them
to his mother.

Mother Rabbit was at the door,
but she did not know White Rabbit.

She had never seen a rabbit
with wings.

So she would not let him in.

He went to Gray Squirrel's door,
but Gray Squirrel did not know him.

He had never seen a rabbit with wings.

And Gray Squirrel would not let White Rabbit in.

Then he went to Brown Duck's nest, but Brown Duck did not know him.

She had never seen a rabbit with wings.

And she would not let him in.

White Rabbit sat down and cried.

Just then Wise Owl flew by.

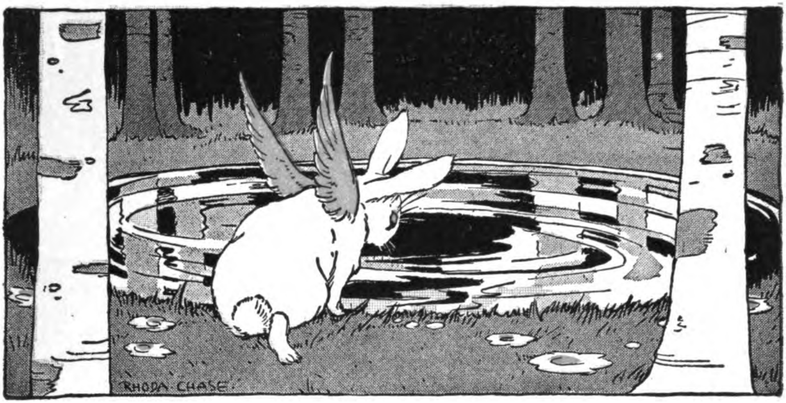
He knew White Rabbit at once.

"Why do you cry?" asked Wise Owl.

"Don't you like your red wings?"

"No, no!" cried White Rabbit.

"Go to the Wishing Pond then, and wish them off," said Wise Owl.



Away White Rabbit ran
as fast as he could go.

He wished his red wings off.

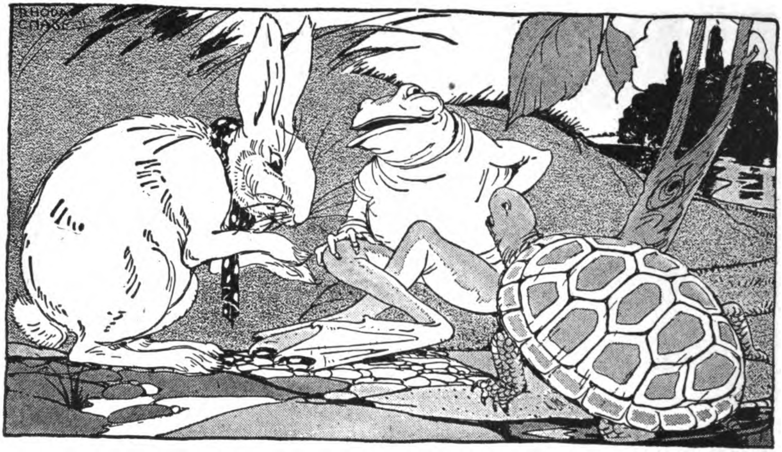
Then he looked in the water
and turned around three times.

And the red wings were gone!

White Rabbit ran home
to his mother.

And after that he did not wish
for everything he saw.

From "For the Story Teller," by Carolyn S. Bailey, used by permission of the publishers, Milton Bradley Co.



THE RACE

Slow-but-Sure was a tortoise.
Wait-a-Bit was a frog.
By-and-By was a hare.
One day By-and-By said,
"I am going to the meadow."
"I will go with you,"
said Wait-a-Bit.
"And I will go, too,"
said Slow-but-Sure.

"What? You!" cried By-and-By.
And Wait-a-Bit laughed and said,
"You will never get there."
"We shall see about that,"
said Slow-but-Sure.
"I will run a race with you."
"What a joke!" cried By-and-By.
"What a joke!" cried Wait-a-Bit.
"We shall see if it is a joke,"
said Slow-but-Sure.
"Here comes the crow.
He will give the word to start."
Soon all were ready,
and the crow gave the word.
"Caw! caw! caw! caw!" he cried.
That was his way of saying,
"One, two, three! Go!"
And so the race began.

By-and-By jumped along
as fast as he could.

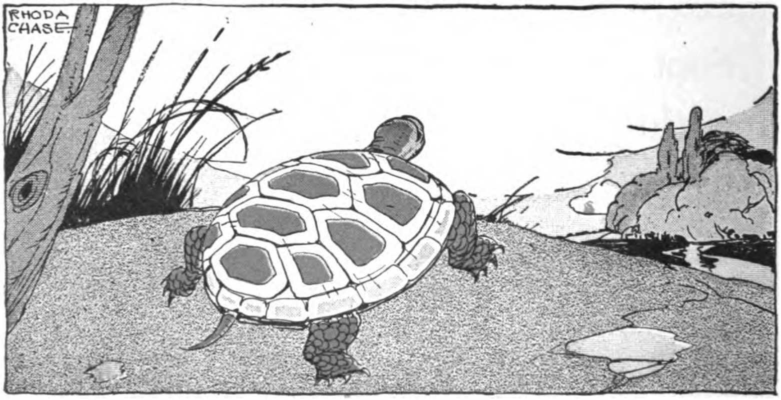
Wait-a-Bit hopped along
as fast as he could.

And Slow-but-Sure crawled along
as fast as he could.

By-and-By ran so fast
that he was soon out of sight.

And Wait-a-Bit hopped so fast
that he was soon out of sight, too.

But Slow-but-Sure did not give up.



After a while By-and-By said,
"I can win this race without trying.
I shall stop and take a nap."
So he lay down and went to sleep.
Soon Wait-a-Bit was tired.
"I know I can not beat By-and-By,"
he said.
"But I can beat Slow-but-Sure
without trying.
I shall stop and take a rest."
So he sat on a stone
and he, too, went to sleep.

But Slow-but-Sure kept on going.
Soon he saw Wait-a-Bit asleep.
He wanted to take a nap, too,
but he did not stop.
He kept crawling along.

And he said to himself,
"One step, two steps, three steps, so,
Up hill, down hill, you must go.
Keep right on and do your best;
You may win while others rest."

After a while he saw By-and-By,
who was still asleep.

But Slow-but-Sure did not stop.

He kept going, and he kept saying,
"One step, two steps, three steps, so."

And Slow-but-Sure went on
taking one step and then another.

At last he came to the meadow.

Soon By-and-By came,
and there he saw Slow-but-Sure.

Then Wait-a-Bit came,
and he saw Slow-but-Sure.

"How did Slow-but-Sure beat us?" asked Wait-a-Bit.

"Yes, that is what I should like to know," said By-and-By.

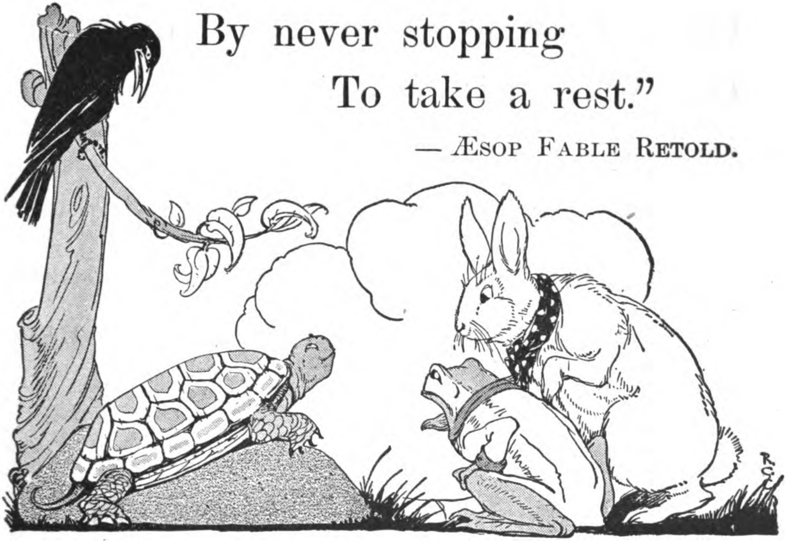
The crow was sitting in a tree.

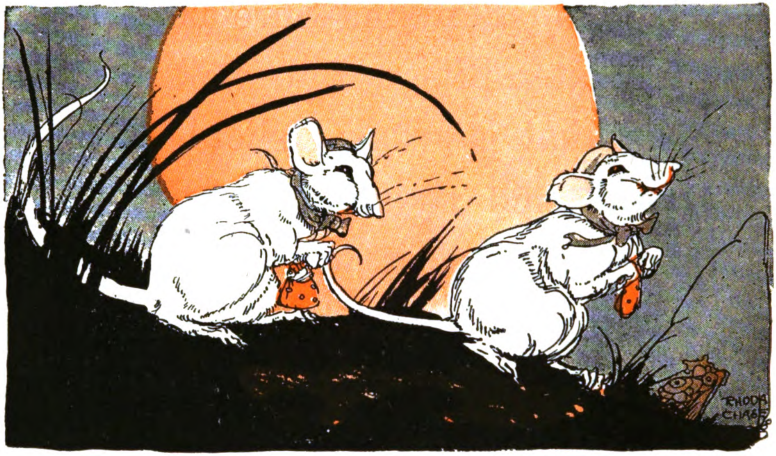
"Caw! caw! caw!" he said.

"I know, and I will tell you:

By keeping at it
And doing his best;
By never stopping
To take a rest."

— ÆSOP FABLE RETOLD.





TITTY MOUSE AND TATTY MOUSE

Once there were two little mice.
One was Titty Mouse.
One was Tatty Mouse.
Titty Mouse lived in a little house.
Tatty Mouse lived in the little house.
So they both lived in the little house.
Titty Mouse went a-hunting.
Tatty Mouse went a-hunting.
So they both went a-hunting.

Titty Mouse found an ear of corn.
Tatty Mouse found an ear of corn.
So they both found an ear of corn.

Titty Mouse made a pudding.
Tatty Mouse made a pudding.
So they both made a pudding.

Titty Mouse put her pudding
on the stove.
Tatty Mouse put her pudding
on the stove.
Titty Mouse upset her pudding
and killed herself.
Then Tatty Mouse began to weep.

The stool heard Tatty Mouse weep.
The stool said,
"Tatty, why do you weep?"

Tatty Mouse said,
"Oh, Titty is dead,
and so I weep."
The little stool said,
"Then I shall hop."

So the little stool hopped.

The broom saw the stool hop.
The broom said,
"Little stool, why do you hop?"
The little stool said,
"Oh, Titty is dead,
and Tatty weeps,
and so I hop."
The broom said,
"Then I shall sweep."

So the old broom swept.

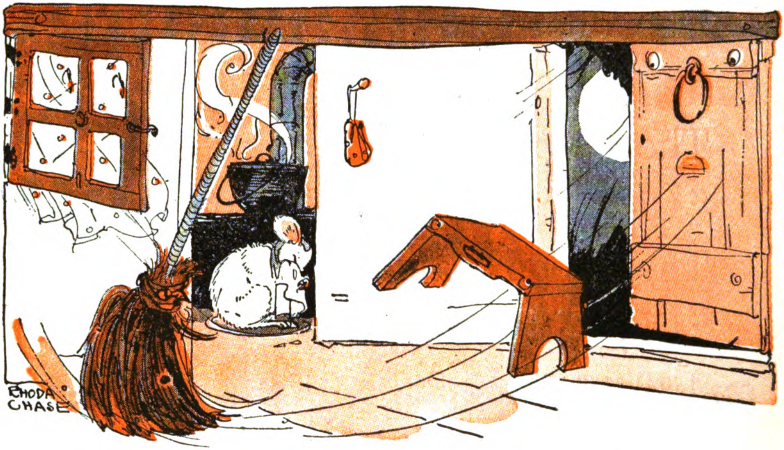
The door saw the broom sweep.

The door said:
"Old Broom, why do you sweep?"
The broom said,
"Oh, Titty is dead,
and Tatty weeps,
and the stool hops,
and so I sweep."
The door said,
"Then I'll slam."

So the door slammed.

The window heard the door slam.

The window said,
"Door, why do you slam?"



The door said,
"Titty is dead,
and Tatty weeps,
and the stool hops,
and the broom sweeps,
and so I slam."

The window said,
"Then I'll creak."

And the window creaked.

The tree heard the window creak.
The old tree said,
"Window, why do you creak?"
The window said,
"Oh, Titty is dead,
and Tatty weeps,
and the stool hops,
and the broom sweeps,
and the door slams,
and so I creak."
The old tree said,
"Then I'll shed my leaves."

So the old tree shed its leaves.

The ax saw the tree shed its leaves.
The ax said,
"Tree, why do you shed your leaves?"

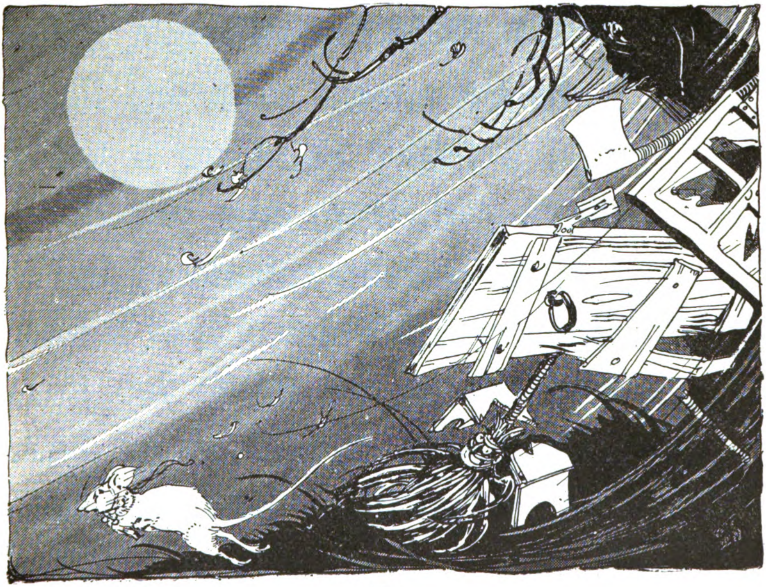
The tree said,
"Titty is dead,
and Tatty weeps,
and the stool hops,
and the broom sweeps,
and the door slams,
and the window creaks,
and so I shed my leaves."

The ax said,
"Then I'll cut."
So the ax cut.

The ax cut the tree,
and the tree fell.
It fell and broke the house.
The house fell with a crash,
and it broke the window.
The window broke the door.

The door broke the broom.
The broom broke the stool.
What a noise there was!
It frightened Tatty Mouse,
and she ran away.
She ran, and she ran, and she ran.
She ran as fast as she could go.
And she never came back.

— OLD TALE.



MIX A PANCAKE

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
  Pop it in the pan.

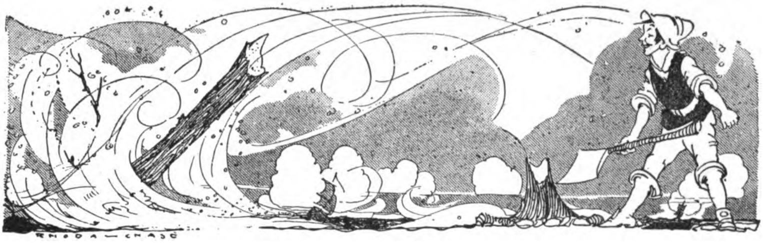
Fry a pancake,
Toss a pancake,
  Catch it if you can.

— CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

A FRISKY LAMB

A frisky lamb
And a frisky child,
Playing their pranks
  In a cowslip meadow:
The sky all blue
And the air all mild,
And the fields all sun
  And the lanes half shadow.

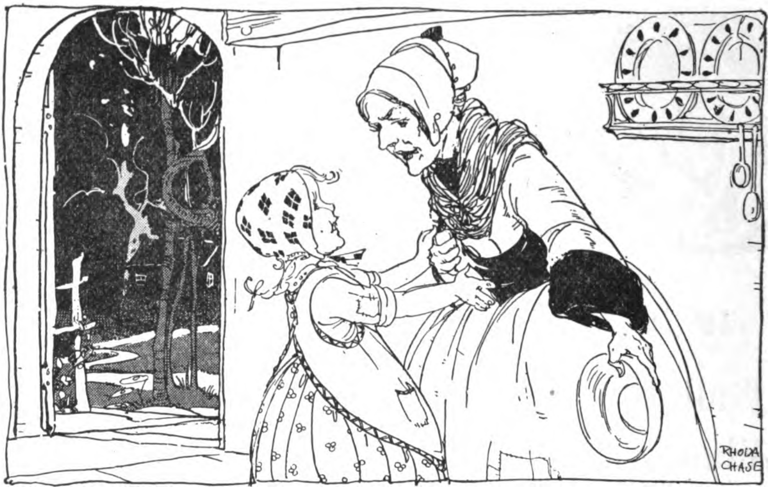
— CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



IF ALL THE SEAS WERE ONE SEA

If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
If all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
If all the axes were one ax,
What a great ax that would be!
If all the men were one man,
What a great man he would be!
And if that great man took the great ax,
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a splash, splash that would be!

— Mother Goose.



THE SWEET SOUP

A little girl and her mother lived alone in a little house.
The house was near a forest.
One day the mother said,
"We have nothing to eat.
What shall we do?"
The little girl said,
"Let me go and look for berries."

The mother said,
"It is too late for berries,
but you may go."

So the little girl went to the forest.

She looked and looked for berries,
but she could find none.

She walked on and on.

Soon she met an old woman.

"What are you doing in the forest?"
asked the old woman.

"I am looking for berries,"
said the little girl.

"We have nothing to eat."

"There are no berries now,"
said the old woman.

"But here is a little pot.
When you are hungry, say,
'Boil, little pot, boil.'

It will make sweet soup for you.
When you have all you want, say,
'Stop, little pot, stop,'
and it will stop."

"Thank you, thank you!"
cried the little girl.

She ran home as fast as she could.

"Have you any berries?"
asked the mother.

"No, mother," the little girl said,
"but see this little pot.
It is a wonderful pot."

"What can it do?" asked the mother.

"I will show you," said the girl.

Then she said,
"Boil, little pot, boil."

And the pot made a pot of soup.

The little girl said,
"Stop, little pot, stop."
And the pot stopped.
"It is a wonderful pot,"
cried the mother.

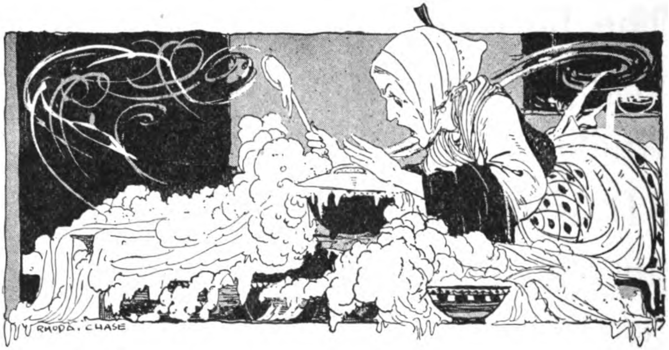
Now the little girl and her mother
had all they wanted to eat.

Every morning the little girl
made a pot of soup.

She would say,
"Boil, little pot, boil."
And the little pot would boil.
Then she would say,
"Stop, little pot, stop."
And the pot would stop.

One day the little girl
went to the forest to look for nuts.

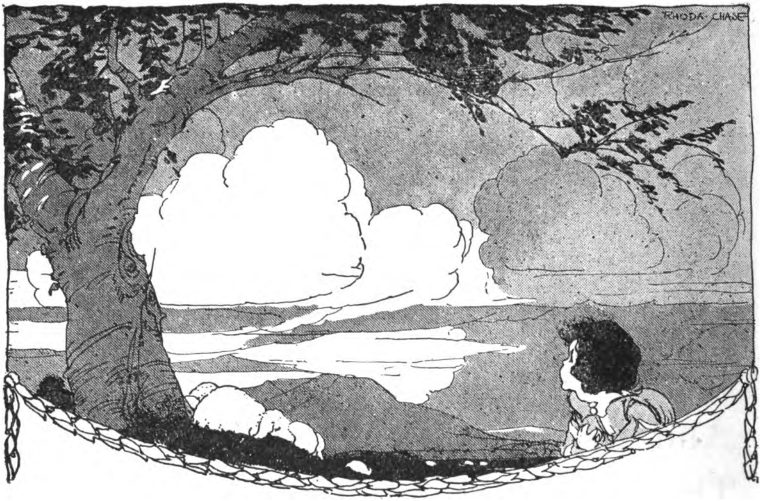
She was gone a long time.



Her mother was hungry.
After a while she said,
"I will make some soup.
I know what to say to the pot."
She said,
"Boil, little pot, boil."
And the pot boiled.
It was soon full of soup.
But the mother did not know
how to stop it.
The pot boiled, and boiled, and boiled.
The soup was everywhere.

Soon the kitchen was full.
Then the house was full.
Then the yard was full.
Then the street was full.
The people cried, "Stop the soup!"
But no one could stop it.
It ran on and on.
And the people ran after it.
The soup ran until it came
to the last house on the street.
Just then the little girl came back.
She said,
"Why, the soup pot is boiling!
Stop, little pot, stop!"
The little pot stopped boiling,
and the soup stopped running.
Then the people waded home
as best they could.

— Folk Tale.



THE END OF THE DAY

The birdie has gone to its nest,
And the baby must go to her bed,
For the sun has sunk in the west,
In curtains of purple and red.

Yes, this is the end of the day,
The lambs are asleep in the dew,
So baby must leave off her play
And go to her little bed, too.

WORD LIST

4

shout
faces
merry
ring
talk
laugh
play
sing

5

lassie
ever

6

Blind
Man's Buff
turn
east
west
caught
try
think

7

wire
brier
goes
limber
lock
geese
flock
over
cuckoo

8

mulberry
bush
early
morning
plow
ground

9

wheat
cut
mill

10

~~Ellen~~
party
~~Tom~~

11

middle
laddie
does

12

next
games
cake
ice
cream
children

15

spy
count
now

16

hide
ten
six
seven
eight
nine
ready
well

17

got
just
good-by
or

18

dolls
~~Mary Ann~~
~~Eliza Jane~~
rainy

19

doctor
chair
head
off
nurse

20

cane
hat
don't
~~Mrs.~~
glue

21

back
work
still
took

22

bells
broken
silly
~~Molly~~
sobbing
sighing

23

pigeon
once
strong
wings
across
tops

24

Farmer
Brown
wife

25

keeps
warm

27

Mr. Jay
Mrs. Dove
land
far
above

28
beautiful
cost
very

29
only
soft
song
grew
dear

30
kind

31
stopped
listen
sparrow
best
voice
always
heard

32
mittens
began
fear
much
naughty
pie
our

33
purr

34
gray

37
lived
until

38
cupboard
lay
frightened

39
ashamed
jumped
made

40
hand
take

41
table
candle

42
bang
crept
noise

43
hall
parlor
kitchen
opened
door

44
oak
grass

45
hole
hurt
squirrel
should

46
Wise Owl

47
winking
blinking

49
acorn
big

50
rooster
grasshopper
high
crow
gobbled
boasting
if
met

51
sitting
near
pumpkin
vine
queer

52
grow
whack
glad
rubbed

53
picked
stone
kill
sell
skin
money

54
obey
loud

55
even
hair
learn

56
bow
span
rainbow

57
sisters
years
funny
everything
~~Polly~~

58
while
shining

59
soap
spools
bubble
blew
wait

61
Peepsie
barnyard

62
babies
calves

63
running
road
garden

64
feathers
bill
legs
hopped

65
indeed
those

67
trade
world
golden
green

68
nimble
sweet

69
young
yet
neat

70
swim

71
each
about

72
earth
angels
heaven
~~Christmas~~

73
before
hung
stocking

74
~~Santa Claus~~
chimney
filled

75
thing
more

76
nibble
bit
toe
cheese
joke

77
wear
town

78
squeaky
stay

79
thought
wash

80
seen
care

81
turtle
pond

82
hold
stick
ride
help

83
angry

84
quarrel
pot
kettle
kept
maids
scrubbed
room

85
berries
won't
please
sick
ripe

86
ate
drink
hot

87
drank
thin
cold

88
drown
crack
pop

89
cock
morn
rise
lies
late
healthy
wealthy

90
bought
slept
flapped
threw

91
plant
fence
shut

92
weed
tied

93
string
every

94
dreaming
lap
pins
true

95
Dark Pony
galloping
~~Noddy~~

96
~~Niddy~~

99
~~Billy Bob Tail~~
seek
fortune
friends

100
scratch

101
getting
master
bite

102
hook

103
butt

104
forest
whistle
throw
bark
bleat

105
growl
bear
deep

106
knew

107
shore
spade
empty
cup
till
sea
wooden
beside
dig
sandy

108
woods
bedroom
sly

109
dinner
fire
hid

110
dizzy
plan

111
scissors

112
pain
crying
splash

113
pink

118
Slow-but-Sure
tortoise
frog
hare

119
race
word
start

120
crawled
sight
along

121
nap
win
beat
tired

122
himself
step
last

124
mice
Titty Mouse
Tatty Mouse
a-hunting
both

125
pudding
put
stove
upset
killed
herself
heard
weep

126
dead
broom
sweep
swept

127
slam
slammed
window

128
creak
creaked

129
shed
leaves
ax

130
broke
crash

132
mix
pancake
stir
pan
fry
toss
frisky
child
pranks
cowslip
air
mild
field
half
shadow
lanes

135
none
pot
boil

136
stop
wonderful

137
nuts

139
people
street
waded

140
sunk
curtains
purple
dew